# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the* Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

*All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the* 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September *in the* October *number.*

## NEWS NOTES.

The Poet Laureate's address on Burns at Irvine did not by any means satisfy the hearers, but it would have satisfied them much less if it had been delivered as originally written. It has been pointed out that two passages appeared in the *Times* which were not found in any of the Scotch reports. They are as follows:—

> He hoped he was not among the "unco guid" or the "rigidly righteous." But one would have to fling morality to the winds, one would have to admire what was not admirable, and to extol what every man's conscience told him ought not to be extolled, were one to affirm that Burns the man deserved a statue in every Ayrshire market-place.
>
> No statesman, no soldier, no man of science with a private record like that of Burns, could ever have become the darling of a nation as Burns was theirs.

Mr. Austin evidently thought it wise to suppress them when he faced a Scotch audience.

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Bibliographers of Tennyson have hesitatingly attributed to him the verses contained in pp. 69-71 of the volume Addresses Presented to Lord Denman, and his Lordship's Answers, with the proceedings on his first accession to office, printed by order of the Corporation of the City of London, 1850. These verses are professedly written by "the Laureate," hence probably the attribution to Tennyson. But the verses were recited on April 2nd, 1850, whereas Tennyson only became Laureate in November, 1850. The poet laureate who did write them "was the laureate of the Home Circuit Mess."

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We regret to announce the death of Mr. F. Lucas, of Hitchin, whose volume of "Rural Sketches," published some years ago by Messrs. Macmillan, is still pleasantly remembered by some. Mr. Lucas, who was a banker in Hitchin, and a man of cultivated tastes, was in the habit of writing verses through many years, and the "Rural Sketches" were selected from a mass of manuscript. To the last he used occasionally the accomplishment of verse chiefly in writing memorial poems for his friends.

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Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. will, in September, produce the first of a series of books upon sport, which might fitly be called the People's Badminton. These books cover the whole range of sport and pastime, and are to be written by leading sportsmen and athletes. They will be fully illustrated, and will be published at 5s. each. The first volume is by Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, the nephew of Sir John Robinson, of the *Daily News*, and concerns itself with "Rugby Football." Books upon ice-sports, cycling, and fishing follow at short intervals; and the series will form a popular guide and instructor in every branch of games.

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According to present arrangements Messrs. Cassell will publish Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" on October 17th. Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel, "A Puritan's Wife," appears in the first week of October. Messrs. Cassell will also publish on October 1st a new story by Mr. Hornung.

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The first thirteen chapters of Mr. Arthur Morrison's new East End story, "A Child of the Jago," will be published serially in the *New Review*, beginning with the August number. They constitute an episode which is, in a sense, complete. Messrs. Methuen have secured the British book-rights, and the book, which is not yet quite finished, and has been retarded by unexpected delays, will appear in the autumn. It is because Mr. Morrison is desirous of the publication of the book this year that no more of the story will appear serially.

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We are glad to hear that the health of Mr. William Morris has so much improved that he was able to leave England on July 22nd for a cruising expedition in the North.

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Dr. Parker's reminiscences, largely anecdotal and forming a volume of over 100,000 words, are to be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Other autobiography for the coming season includes "The Story of my Life," by Mr. A. J. C. Hare, a work in several volumes which will be warmly welcomed; and the Memoirs of Signor Arditi, which is a veritable history of song dating back to Alboni, Grisi, and Mario. Signor Arditi has much to say of Rossini, Verdi, and of Gounod, and his book is flavoured with a wealth of entertaining anecdote.

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Mr. A. W. Mason's new story will begin in the *Monthly Packet* in January next. The title for a moment is the difficulty, but "The White Rose" is running in the author's mind, and very probably will be chosen. It is a story with a large Jacobite interest, and one which should increase Mr. Mason's reputation. It will be published in England by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co.

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Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel is somewhat longer and in a more cheerful vein than "Ships that Pass in the Night." It has occupied Miss Harraden for the best part of two years, and she has written nothing else except a few shorter Californian stories, which will not be published in book form until next year. The scene of her new novel is almost entirely English. It is to be published early in the autumn.

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Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has at length decided to produce his magazine in October. His preparations for this venture have extended over some years, and he has bought thou-

sands of pounds worth of matter, so that final publication is to be made without pressure. Mr. Beccles Wilson edits the magazine, under Mr. Harmsworth's general direction. It is said at the same time that Mr. Silas K. Hocking's religious magazine is almost ready. It is somewhat on the lines of the *Quiver*, and is to be called the *Temple Magazine*.

Sir Richard Temple has, since his retirement from political life, employed some of his leisure time in writing his autobiography. Sir Richard has had an exceptionally interesting career, and has always been most methodical in recording his experiences. His water-colour sketches are excellent, and were exhibited at one of the receptions given by Lord Peel when the latter was Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir Richard has called the sketches his "memory tablets," for they serve to recall the various scenes and incidents of his travels. When he was Governor of Bombay, his artistic tastes gave him recreation after his consideration of State affairs in that important post.

The American papers contain obituaries of the late Mrs. Beecher Stowe. They add very little to what is known, but a few facts may be noted. She was the second wife of her husband, Professor Calvin E. Stowe, who lost his first wife two years before. When a resident of Cincinnati she became strongly interested in the anti-slavery agitation, and her house was a refuge for fugitive slaves. She often wrote letters on behalf of a servant in her own family to the woman's husband, who was still a slave, and would never break his promise to his master when sent on errands into a free state unpledged to return. The crisis came when she read in an anti-slavery magazine an account of the escape of a slave woman and her child across the Ohio river on the ice, and the incidents of her story began to crystallize in her imagination. The faithful slave husband to whom she had written so many letters for her maid, occurred to her as the pattern for a hero, and the story that was to make her famous came rapidly into shape. One day, while sitting during the communion service in a little church, there occurred to her the scene of Uncle Tom's death. It excited her so much that she could not restrain her sobs. Returning home she wrote it out, and then read it to her two boys, ten and twelve years old, and found them as much impressed by it as she could desire. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in book form it had an immediate success. Ten thousand copies were sold in a few days, and the ultimate circulation in Great Britain and the colonies alone was estimated at a million and a half.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not the first anti-slavery novel. There was Hildreth's "Archy Moore," which got so far as to be reprinted in England, but attracted comparatively little attention. Miss Martineau also, both in her little story of "Demerara," and in her novel, "The Hour and the Man," had made slavery her theme. It follows that the subject did not wholly account for the book's success. At the same time the fact that a most mediocre story published immediately after and called "The Lamplighter," had an immense circulation, shows that there may have been something favourable in the conditions of the time.

As to the truthfulness of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it was admitted by many southerners of high standing that every fact in it might be duplicated from their own observation. A southern lady, while conceding the probable truth of all the incidents, complains that Mrs. Stowe had described neither the best nor the worst class of slave holders. But it has been properly remarked that "those who could not accept Legree as a sufficient approach to the latter type must have had a terrible experience." The fury of southern criticism was and still is directed against the truth of the picture of the every-day tortures inflicted on chattels over whom the law gave absolute control to the owner. It is generally admitted by good critics that Mrs. Stowe's best book after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was "Old Town Folks," issued in 1869, but there is much in her other writings that well deserves attention. "Dred," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and "The Minister's Wooing," are all excellent books, and "Agnes of Sorrento" has decided merit, though very little of the atmosphere of Italy. Little need be said of the unfortunate episode of her Byron publications. Those who wish to know what can be said for the truth of the story are referred to the extremely able articles from a well-known hand which appeared at the time in the *Saturday Review*. Notwithstanding, those who have the best means of knowing expect to see the mystery of the separation explained in quite another way. In later years Mrs. Stowe wrote domestic fiction with very little literary claims, but eminently readable and successful so far as sales went. Her last book, "Poganuc People," published in 1878, is in a higher key, and is not unworthy of her. Though she had her full share of trials, her married life was very happy. Shortly after her husband's death her mind became clouded over, and she was herself only at intervals. There can be little doubt that she is to be ranked with Hawthorne as the greatest novelist of America.

Mr. William Le Queux is engaged on a new African romance to be called "The Great White Queen," which Messrs. F. V. White will publish in the autumn. In this Mr. Le Queux has forsaken the Sahara, for the story is founded upon a curious tradition current among the natives of the Ivory Coast.

"The Spectre of the Real," which claims the joint authorship of the Hon. Mrs. Henniker and Mr. Thomas Hardy, and is one of the longest of the stories in Mrs. Henniker's new book, "In Scarlet and Grey," has for its scene a romantic mansion called "Ambrose Towers," which is an exact reproduction of the well-known Crewe Hall in Cheshire, with its walks, its yews, its lake, and the wild birds in the surrounding grounds.

We understand that the task of preparing a biography of the late Lady Burton has been undertaken by Mr. W. H. Wilkins. Abundant materials exist.

Mr. Adam Scott, author of "Sir Walter Scott's First Love," reviewed in our columns in the July number, rightly calls our attention to the fact that it was Lockhart not Scott that was described by young Forbes when he called at Abbotsford in 1830. "The great man hobbling up a plantation, apparently frightened by a visitor," Forbes, the son of his first love, cannot be said to have met him. We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Scott on a second point, that to quote without demur, Dr. Charles Rogers's rash

gossip about another love-story between Scott's bitter disappointment and his marriage to Miss Charpentier, is to adopt it.

Miss Katherine Pearson Woods allowed herself nearly five years for the completion of "John; a Tale of King Messiah," which is to be published in the autumn by Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York. The volume is the first of a trilogy which will form a study of the social message of Christianity to the first century. But it possesses a strong story, and is sure of a wide public.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has almost finished her story for boys. This will be a revelation to her friends, so full is it all the dashing adventure which appeals to the heart of the boy. The scene of the story is Old California, in the days before the gringo came.

Mrs. Manningham Caffyn's new story, "A Quaker Grandmother," touches the sex problem slightly; but is in a different vein to "A Yellow Aster." It is a story of to-day, containing many bright passages and an interesting narrative. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will publish it early in the Autumn.

Mr. George Manville Fenn has written a story entitled "Gerard's Jungle." It is to run serially through *Chums*.

Mr. Frederick Carrel has another novel in the press. The success of his work, "The City," has encouraged him to plan a book which shall endeavour to include phases of the whole life of London. Mr. Carrel writes French as fluently as he does English, and his sympathies are entirely with the realistic in fiction. He was uncertain at one time whether he would not settle in Paris, and produce nothing but French books; but it is probable now that he will abandon this intention.

The next volume of poems which Mr. Norman Gale will give to the public will be entitled "Little Poems for Little People," and will be published in October by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. This book, which, in Mr. Norman Gale's own words, "aims at hitting the medium between the ordinary verse for children and the inspired poems which R. L. Stevenson wrote for the young," will be illustrated with over a hundred drawings by Miss Helen Stratton. Mr. Gale, who is at present in town, speaks very enthusiastically of Miss Stratton's art, and predicts a great future for this lady.

Mr. E. H. Benson—"Dodo Benson," as he is called to distinguish him from his poet brother, Mr. A. C. Benson, who wrote the wedding-hymn that was sung at the marriage of Princess Maud of Wales—has been travelling in company with Mr. Jacomb Hood, the well-known artist, who is to illustrate Mr. Benson's new story.

"The Lower Life" is the title which Mr. Francis Gribble has chosen for his new novel, which deals with the world of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Gribble's thesis is that speculation destroys in a man all his "sentimental possibilities." His hero is a poet who takes to dabbling in stocks, and makes a success of the experiment.

Mr. Kenneth Grahame, whose book, "The Golden Age," Mr. Swinburne recently reviewed so enthusiastically in the *Daily Chronicle*, holds a post in the Bank of England.

Mrs. Haycraft (M. S. MacRitchie) has ready a new novel entitled "Rosalys."

Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, the well-known interviewer, has arrived in England, after a long journey through India and Japan.

Mr. G. B. Burgin, one of the honorary secretaries of the New Vagabond Club, is to edit a new series of books entitled "The New Vagabond Series," though it will not have anything to do with the club. The first of the series will appear in October, and the price will be either 1s. 6d. or 2s. Messrs. N. Beeman, Ltd., are to be the publishers.

Mr Burgin will have two new books out this autumn. One, which is to be published by Messrs. Harper in America, deals with Constantinople, and will be called "Tomalyn's Quest." The "villain" of the book is an Armenian, and not without reason, for when Mr. Burgin was supposed to be dying of typhoid in Constantinople, and was in an unconscious condition, his Armenian servant made up a bundle of his master's weapons, carpets, trinkets, etc., and departed to his native land. Hence, though Mr. Burgin sympathises with the Armenians in their persecution, he says he does not love them as individuals.

It is rather curious that almost on the very day when the first instalment of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's story of the Irish American dynamiter, "Captain Shannon," was published, the very man from whom he took the idea of the story, James Tynan, who was known as "Number One," should have issued a manifesto in America. And in many points the very wording of Tynan's manifesto is similar to "Captain Shannon's" manifesto which appears in the *Windsor Magazine* for July (now, by the bye, out of print). It is all the more curious for the fact that "Number One" has otherwise not been heard of for a long time.

There is evidently a revival in interest in Irish conspiracy, for Mr. Tighe Hopkins' article on Kilmainham Prison which appeared recently in the *Windsor Magazine*, where it attracted much notice, is to be reissued as a book, and with much interesting fresh matter. Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden will be the publishers in England.

Miss Mary Rowsell has ready a new book, which is entitled "The Old Ferry House."

Mr. Richard Marsh has also a new volume ready. It consists of short stories, which will bear the title of "Magic Mystery."

Mr. Louis Becke, who is at present in Australia, has collaborated in a new book with Mr. W. Jeffrey. It is to be called "The Deserter."

We hear that the first number of the *Temple Magazine*, which is to appear in the autumn, will have an article on Miss Marie Corelli and her work from the pen of the Rev. H. R. Haweis.

Mrs. Strain, whose story "A Man's Foes" attained a great success, has written a story which will soon be published in the *Windsor Magazine*. Those who have read it think very highly of the tale, which is entirely different from anything else Mrs. Strain has done. It has a good deal of local colour derived from her acquaintance

with Scotland. An incident connected with a lighthouse is presumably drawn from the experience of Mr. Strain, who is a civil engineer.

Mr. Barry Pain has ready for press a new volume of stories, which it is expected will be published in the autumn.

## MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JUNE 22 TO JULY 18, 1896.

A month of almost uninterrupted sunshine is hardly likely to result in a very active trade in books. There has, nevertheless, been a fair business doing, and the foreign and colonial orders keep up well. With the August Bank Holiday passed, matters will doubtless improve considerably for the home trade.

The day of the two-shilling boarded novel (the "Railway" or "Yellow Back," as it is variously termed) is nearly over. Not quite, though, for heavy orders are still booked for a new 2s. Braddon, which the publishers state will be issued by the time this is in print.

The long and narrow 1s. 6d. and 2s. novels are now in great favour, possibly from their form being adapted for the pocket. "Pseudonyms," "Autonyms," "Zeit-Geists," and similar publications are the order (literally) of the day.

Diary publishers are already showing specimens of forthcoming issues. It is rather like hurrying one through life to talk of 1897 publications in the summer of 1896.

Another landmark of bygone times is about to disappear. The Stationers' Company's almanacks will be published this year by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. Those who remember the Company's almanack publishing day as it was twenty or thirty years ago, to say nothing of earlier times, will experience a pang upon hearing of the change.

The contents of a "shilling shocker," padded to form a 6s. volume, is still eagerly read by the public, so strong is the hold of fashion even to the form in which literature is issued.

"Trilby," although now taken off the London stage, is still in fair demand, and will probably return to somewhat of its old popularity when the new novel by the same author is ready in the 6s. form.

Works on Natural History are still an important item, and every addition to their ranks meets with a good reception. The same remark applies generally to books on outdoor country life.

Among magazines it is announced that the *Pall Mall Magazine* will, in September, return to 1s., its original price. *Chambers' Journal* still enjoys its apparently perpetual youth, illustrated periodicals notwithstanding. The reason is obvious to its readers. The *Woman at Home* is still without a rival, and the *Strand Magazine, Cassell's Magazine, Quiver,* and *Leisure Hour* keep up their sales wonderfully well. The same may also be said of the *Boy's Own Paper* and *Girl's Own Paper.*

Anything on South Africa (this is not elegant, but expressive) is eagerly purchased. "Boer and Uitlander" and "The Transvaal and the Boers" are publications whose titles alone will make them sell.

The accompanying list of the best selling books requires little comment. A glance will show that it includes works on many topics of keen public interest and questions of the day. "Illumination" and "The Sowers" are the two favourites among the novels.

The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
Cameos. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d.
The Inubated Girl. By T. T. Jane. 6s.
The Release. By C. M. Yonge. 6s.
A Lady of Quality. By F. H. Burnett. 6s.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
An Odd Career. By G. B. Fitzgerald. 6s.
The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By J. H. Findlater. 6s.
The Limb. By X. L. 6s.
Fellow Travellers. By the author of "Mona Maclean." 6s.
The Sin of Hagar. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
Studies Subsidiary to Butler. By W. E. Gladstone. 4s. 6d.
Boer and Uitlander. By W. F. Regan. 3s. 6d.
The Transvaal and the Boers. By W. G. Fisher. 6s.
Stock Exchange Investments. By W. H. S. Aubrey. 5s.
From Cairo to the Soudan Frontier. By H. D. Traill. 5s. net.
The Scenery of Switzerland. By Sir J. Lubbock. 6s.
Joan of Arc. By L. de Conte. 6s.
Selborne (Earl) Memorials. Part I. 2 vols. 25s. net.
The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.
Seaside Watering Places. 2s. 6d.
Animals at Work and Play. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
Our Responsibilities for Turkey. By the Duke of Argyll. 3s. 6d.
Through the Dolomites. By A. Robertson. 7s. 6d.
Made in Germany. By E. E. Williams. 2s. 6d.
Marlborough House. By A. H. Beavan. 6s.
Kingsclere. By J. Porter. 18s.
Fox (George). By T. Hodgkin. 3s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
June 27, 1896.—Home trade a little brisker. Foreign and Colonial much improved.
July 4, „ —A quiet week, but such as is usually experienced at this time. A well-maintained influx of orders from abroad generally.
„ 11, „ —Business a little better as a whole both in home and foreign orders.
„ 18, „ —Very steady again, with slight improvement at close. Orders from abroad not quite so numerous.

## POETRY.

### DEATH AND LIFE.*

(*From the Italian.*)

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

FAREWELL, farewell! Aloft on eager wing,
In highest heaven, I hear the glad lark sing:
While, thro' the gather'd cloud and mists of night,
Trembles and breaks, at last, the morning's light.

Far, far afield I hear the heifers low;
(So bounteous, Life! to fill, to overflow?)
A healthful breath mounts from the well-till'd plain . . .
But me these pleasant scenes may not detain.

To me the richness of the year's last rose
No temperate autumn sunshine shall disclose:
My flesh is wasted . . . on this casement lone
To-morrow's light will break, and find me gone!

* The beautiful original of this inadequate translation—beginning with the words, which are a poem in themselves, but untranslatable, "Muoio, cantan le allodale"—forms the final page of a volume entitled "Postuma." This book, which purports to contain the poetical remains of a certain Lorenzo Stecchetti, collected by his friend, the Bolognese poet, Olindo Guerrini, is prefaced by a most plausible account of the author and his melancholy, premature decease. But the entire volume is now acknowledged to be a fabrication of its gifted but eccentric editor.—G. D.

## NOTES FROM PARIS.

"GO then, old friend, and meet him." These were the last words which Edmond de Goncourt heard in this world. They were spoken by his old friend, Alphonse Daudet, and referred of course to the long-mourned Jules de Goncourt, to reunion with whom his brother looked forward with a hope which had stripped Death for him of all his terrors. Indeed, I do not know what more to admire in Edmond de Goncourt, than the placidity with which he envisaged death. Some three weeks ago he was talking with Emile Zola, and though he appeared in excellent health, foretold his early departure. Still, he did not expect the end so soon. "I shall see 'La Faustin' played," he said, referring to the play of his which he so ardently desired to produce, "and then I shall make a big bow to the public and be off." Zola laughed, and told him that he had still many years to live, reminding him how sixteen years previously, whilst they were walking to Flaubert's funeral, he (De Goncourt) had remarked, "It will be my turn next," and had added, referring to the length of the road to the cemetery, "Only I promise you that you won't have to walk such a long way to my funeral."

Although when a man reaches the age of seventy-five his friends may expect his death at any time, I must say that I was painfully shocked at the news of his sudden end. When I last saw him I was struck by his vitality and spirits. We had been at one of Daudet's *soirées*, and I had accompanied M. de Goncourt from the house in the Rue de Bellechasse. We could not find a cab on the Boulevard St. Germain. "*Et bien, marchons*," said the old gentleman, and set out right manfully. I believe he would have walked—and at a rattling pace—all the way to Auteuil, had we not met a belated cab on the Quai d'Orsay. I fancied that night that De Goncourt "would bury us all," and I left him wondering at the irony of things by which those to whom life is a fardel have it laid for the longest periods on their unwilling shoulders, so that, for instance, Schopenhauer, with his real horror of life, lived to be seventy-two. And far more than Schopenhauer, whose pessimism one sometimes suspects, De Goncourt was pre-eminently an unhappy man. I have never seen him frankly gay; there was always a reserve of bitterness in any happiness that came to him. It cannot have been because of his chronic liver disease, for he was a man superior to the influences of health. It is only moral weaklings whose happiness is affected by their bodily ailments, and a good example to the contrary is that afforded by Thomas Hood. No, there was a moral cancer in De Goncourt's system which poisoned his life. I was present at the banquet given in his honour, than which no more splendid tribute was ever paid to a man of letters. The address of M. Poincaré, the minister who represented the French Government, was in itself compensation for worse *déboires* than any which De Goncourt ever endured. Yet he was not satisfied, and when I spoke to him after the dinner implied his disappointment. Two days later he said that he regretted to have lent himself to that manifestation. And so it was with him always. He had a unique position in literature, and was certainly recognised in France, amongst his brother littérateurs, as *the* master; yet he was dissatisfied and wanted more. What it was, one hardly knows. It is certain he felt very sore at having failed to win any great success as a dramatist, yet his "Germinie Lacerteux," dull and ill-constructed as it was, was very well received. He may have contrasted the smallness of his editions with the colossal sales of some of his contemporaries, and have vexed his soul thereat, yet he always used to speak with contempt of the writers *à grand tirage*, and flatter himself that if his public was small it was at least select. And he must have known very well that the insincerity of his work could only appeal to a limited audience, such as overlook the *fond* when the *forme* is good, those, in one word, whom a literary *pose* interests. Now, as a novelist, the whole of De Goncourt's work was a literary pose. He had no sympathy whatever with the phases of life or the class of characters with which he dealt with such apparent gusto. As a matter of fact he denied, in his heart of hearts, the novel as a vehicle of thought, in which respect he was in direct opposition to Zola, and, as I think, most absolutely in the right. In Germany, for instance, when a man has anything to say, any truth to formulate, he expresses his thoughts directly, in the form of essays. In England, and in France also, the novel, which has nothing to do *dans cette galère*, is used. De Goncourt really felt that the German method was the right one, but followed—another insincerity—the French fashion. Over and over again has he said and written that the day of the novel as a vehicle for thought or doctrine was over. In his last volume of jottings he frequently girds against the novel, and even confesses, what is the sad experience of many of us, that he is totally incapable of reading a novel. Yet it was by his novels that he hoped to convey his message to the world.

He has been spoken of as a great egotist. One can hardly blame him, for most great men and all old men are so, and he was a great man and a very old man, so that in his last years at least he had two claims to this indulgence. What I liked less in him was the pleasure he seemed to take in listening to anything detrimental to any of his contemporaries, and the greater the man, the better was he pleased. A story of that sort would light up his eyes and suffuse his face with cheerfulness. Mental notes would be taken for his diary, in which everything of that description found a certain place. I do not think anything can excuse an artist for such conduct towards his *confrères*, as De Goncourt's towards many celebrated men, unless it be that there is always something feminine in the artistic temperament, and that to women a modicum of peevishness (not to call it spite) is allowed. The last volume of his diary particularly offends in this respect, and brought down on its author's head—as I can easily understand—an avalanche of recrimination. It is said that the worries consequent upon this did something to weaken the old gentleman's health. One is sorry for this now that he is gone, but though one can forget his indiscretions, there are many things in his last *Journal* which will leave their sting for years. And what is worse, many old-standing friendships have been imperilled by these indiscretions.

I think it is a pity that De Goncourt did not write a book on gastronomy, à la mode de Brillat-Savarin. It was a subject in which he was particularly erudite, and I cannot

remember ever to have met a finer connoisseur. Also when he talked of eating and drinking he was delightful to listen to, and the little gastronomical anecdotes and apothegms which one finds here and there in his diary are excellent and inspiriting matter. One is glad to think that he at least thoroughly enjoyed one pleasure in life, the pleasure of the table, a pleasure which some of us hold to be the only true and substantial one. Zola is of this opinion. "*Un bon dîner*," he says, "il n'y a que ça." De Goncourt, more of a gourmet, formulated his *penchant* in less material language. And it is a curious circumstance, and of the irony of things, that the very last words which he spoke on earth were, "Mind you have peaches; you know I want peaches." This was in answer to a remark made by Madame Daudet as he lay in bed. She wished to cheer him up, and told him he must get well at once, reminding him that a dinner was to be given in his honour on the following day, and that thirty guests had been invited. "Mind you have peaches," he said; "you know I want peaches."

R. H. SHERARD.

## NEW WRITERS.

### MR. A. E. HOUSMAN.

THE sequence of poems called "A Shropshire Lad," published recently by Messrs. Kegan Paul, and already reviewed in our columns, must have won the

*Photographed by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.*
MR. A. E. HOUSMAN.

sympathetic admiration of every reader who is not guided in his literary appreciations solely by the fashion of the day. The poems are not after the fashion of the moment, at least, but yet the modern spirit works strong within them. For terseness, pathos, and genuine lyrical faculty, they stand out very prominently among the verse of recent years.

Their author, Mr. Alfred Edward Housman, is Professor of Latin in University College, London, and till the publication of "A Shropshire Lad," was known merely as a man of learning. Born in 1859, educated at Bromsgrove School and St. John's College, Oxford, where he gained a scholarship in 1877, he was placed in the first class in the Honour School of Classical Moderations, but one's respect for University tests falls before the knowledge that the scholar, who was already learned, was "ploughed" in "Greats." After teaching for a little in his old school, he became a clerk in the Patent Office, where he remained for nearly ten years. Four years ago he was elected to his present post.

Mr. Housman's writings have mainly appeared in the learned journals, his first article being printed when he was still an undergraduate, in the *Journal of Philology*, to which he has contributed papers on "Horatiana," "Emendationes Propertianæ," "On a Vatican Glossary," "The Agamemnon of Æschylus," and "The Manuscripts of Propertius." The *Classical Review* also contains various papers of his, on "Adversaria Orthographica," "Emendations in the Medea of Euripides," etc.; nor does this list exhaust his contributions to Greek and Latin scholarship. Besides his work in the learned journals he has edited Ovid's "Ibis" in the new Corpus Poetarum Latinorum. These writings belong to the scientific rather than to the literary side of classical criticism; but in Mr. Pollard's "Choral Odes from the Greek Dramatists," three translations from Mr. Housman's pen were considered to be of special excellence.

Mr. Laurence Housman, the well-known illustrator, the connoisseur in art matters, and delightful story-teller as well, is brother of the author of "A Shropshire Lad." There is an interesting divergence in the artistic methods of the two brothers. The Rev. Robert Housman, of whom there is an account in the "Dictionary of National Biography," was their great-grandfather. Mr. Housman (the subject of our notice) does not promise us any more poems, but English verse will be distinctly the poorer if classical scholarship entirely absorbs him henceforth.

## THE READER.

### LIVING CRITICS.

VIII.—PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THOSE hopeful young gentlemen of the press, who are for ever giving us assurance of the decadence of modern literature, seem to find no argument readier to their hand than an imaginary decay of criticism. There are young poets, we are told, in plenty: young novelists in excess; but where are the critics of the coming generation? The mob of reviewers who write with such perilous ease—pleasant company enough in a morning newspaper—can scarcely be taken seriously in a book; there is nothing sound and little solid in the judgments of the New Criticism. All this makes admirable material for a magazine article, no doubt; indeed, it possesses one saving virtue not universal in the *Reviews*: it is, in the main, true and indisputable. But as a critical statement it lacks something of subtlety; it does not reckon with history. Nor, perhaps, does it quite comprehend its own premises. Criticism, indeed, is not the function of the young. The man of letters does not awake one morning to find himself famous as a critic:

> "'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—
> But the smooth-slipping weeks
> Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;"

in brief, criticism is essentially a faculty of growth, a habit born of arduous practice and experience. A man may make

his highest throw with his first novel; there have been poets who have never re-captured the first fine careless rapture of an early volume; but one would not prophesy very highly, I think, of a first, showy, voluble essay in criticism. A second reading would probably prove that it lacked depth.

And so, when it is said that there are no young critics to take the place of Professor Saintsbury, for example, the argument need scarcely trouble Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. Ernest Rhys, or Mr. Arthur Symons. For here, in Mr. Saintsbury himself, we have to consider the soundest, most authoritative, and most just critic among our contemporaries, and a very brief observation of his career will remind us that the critic's progress is gradual and difficult.

Professor Saintsbury has passed through his tenth *lustrum*, as Horace has it; he is over fifty, and it is only within the last ten years that his literary reputation has become firmly established. He was, in fact, thirty years old before he began to write at all. But a certain audacity, a faculty of thinking for himself marked even his Oxford career, and, as it seemed at the time, damaged his prospects at the outset. Most men, preparing for "Greats," are ready to accept the theories of their College dons, without much argument upon the rival views of Butler, Shaftesbury, and Hutcheson. But Professor Saintsbury, it is said, could not be reconciled to the Ethics of Aristotle, towards which he manifested in his papers so violent an antipathy that he lost an expected Fellowship at Merton! He left Oxford, therefore, at the age, of twenty-three, to become a schoolmaster in Guernsey, whence he moved a few years later to Elgin. It was not till 1875 that he essayed literature, the first field of his activity being *The Academy*, a periodical with which he is still occasionally connected. His reviews there were noticed by men interested in literature, and the breadth and intelligence of their judgments were appreciated, so that by degrees Mr. Saintsbury was offered other work. For some while, however, he was known entirely by his literary journalism, and he is thus an interesting example of a critic whose reputation was made almost exclusively as a reviewer. It was not till 1880 that his name appeared upon a title-page, and then as the author of a Primer of French Literature, a masterpiece in its kind. As we have already noticed, however, Mr. Saintsbury had by this time attracted the attention of *littérateurs*, and Mr. John Morley, who was then arranging for his excellent series of "English Men of Letters," invited him to join his company. The result was that in 1881 Mr. Saintsbury published his life of Dryden, and thus, with his first important book, connected his name with that of the poet for whom he has done so much. A year later appeared his "Short History of French Literature," which has passed through many editions, and still remains, perhaps, his best-reputed work.

It was about this time that he joined the staff of *The Saturday Review*, and, when Mr. Harwood left that paper, he was installed as sub-editor. With this connection Mr. Saintsbury entered upon a period of remarkable literary activity. Not only was he responsible for at least one long review a week, but he even turned his attention to political journalism, framing his style partly upon Swift, partly upon the French writers of the eighteenth century. For several years his energy was practically confined to the services of *The Saturday*, which was then enjoying its most distinguished and vivacious period of popularity. He found time, however, to gather together the materials for another and a very valuable book, his "History of Elizabethan Literature," which appeared in 1887. Meanwhile he contributed many critical essays to the *Reviews*, most of which he has since collected into book-form; among these one should mention his two series of "Essays in English Literature, 1780-1860," which were published, the first in 1890, the second during last autumn; his "Essays on French Novelists" (1891), "Miscellaneous Essays" (1892); and the suggestive and chatty volume of "Corrected Impressions" (1895), in which he traced, in a felicitous and original fashion, the change of the public attitude during thirty years towards some of the most conspicuous writers of the Victorian era. Finally, in the winter of 1895, he gave us his "History of Nineteenth Century Literature," a worthy successor to his earlier volume in the same series.

This necessarily perfunctory survey of Mr. Saintsbury's literary activity will, I fancy, have struck the reader with a sense of two of his leading characteristics: the extent of his information, and the breadth of his sympathies. We have had critics to treat exclusively of the classics, and so by degrees to approach perilously to the dangers of the dry-as-dust; there have been also writers who have boasted of their "actuality," whose sole ambition seems to be the fostering of the claims of their contemporaries. These, in their turn, are apt to lose perspective. But Mr. Saintsbury, being always a student by nature, and inevitably a reviewer by circumstance, has been enabled to keep an eye upon the whole wide field of literary productivity. Everything comes his way in time; probably there has never been a man who has read so many books,—from some forgotten pamphlet of the sixteenth century to the latest coruscation of "the female-fictionist." The breadth which he has thus attained is an obvious privilege; but, like most advantages, it has its penalty. It would not be too much to say, I think, that Professor Saintsbury's foible has been his own omniscience. There has been so little that he has not read, so little that he does not know, that, in order to arrange his information, he has acquired a habit of tabulating and pigeon-holing knowledge, which, however convenient, is not infallible. In his library every man has his niche, every book falls into its scheme; and it need scarcely be said that there are some men who must stand outside a *tendenz* theory, some books that are excrescences upon their time, rather than emanations from it. This is the reason that we sometimes hear Mr. Saintsbury's work accused of a lack of spontaneity. Those critics, who pick and choose here and there, feel that his more rigid method does scant justice to their favourites; and to a great extent they are justified. Exceptional genius will always defy classification. Nevertheless, it is a great advantage to possess that sense of proportion which results even in an occasional error; and it is of especial value just now when a kind of impressionist criticism is astir, persuading men to regulate all their judgments by "individual taste," which proves very often to be little more than individual caprice. The judgment which is based upon a fund of knowledge occasionally excessively employed is less attractive, but it is unquestionably more authoritative.

It is also by far more just; and this brings us to two other characteristics of Mr. Saintsbury's work, which are, in point of fact, but one: his authority and his justice. The man who is fair is always persuasive, and no fairer critic ever wrote than the subject of this paper. Mr. Saintsbury would seem to have no prejudices. It is not only that, like Clough, "he has not traduced his friends, nor flatttered his enemies, nor disparaged what he admired, nor praised what he despised," but also that, with a wonderful sense of discrimination, he has almost invariably taken the view which time has proved to be the true one. Enthusiastic critics, especially those of the younger generation, have occasionally found themselves vexed and irritated by his lack of response; they have piped unto him in praise of this or that new genius, and his pen has refused to dance in pursuit of their enthusiasm. But, when the momentary access of warmth and colour has paled, they have found that his considered and moderate praise was nearer to justice than all their eager columns. And from what he has once said he never retires.

Still, it is not in the nature of things that cool judgment should be popular; and, were one asked whether Mr. Saintsbury has been a great influence among the young, one would be compelled to answer in the negative. The young are always enthusiastic, and, when they come to Mr. Saintsbury for sympathy, they do not find him conciliating. His chill authority seems to them remote, unfriending, and they turn to writers of a more sparkling and impressionable nature. Moreover, his literary style (there is no denying it) is neither harmonious nor inviting. It is dry, arid indeed, disdaining charm and ornament, and occasionally involving itself in parentheses with such an intricacy that it becomes almost unintelligible. The true test of style lies in reading aloud; and there is much of Mr. Saintsbury's that cannot be read aloud, either with pleasure or with profit. He has often been told of this by his reviewers, and the iteration of the complaint has had its influence upon him. One seems to trace this in the later modifications of his style, but the effort issues in an effect the very reverse of what one would have expected. Apparently with the object of acquiring lightness, he has tended to colloquialism, with the result that a heavy manner is sometimes varied with passages that are actually bad. But even as one confesses this, one remembers that there are chapters in "Corrected Impressions" which are full of lucidity, of sweetness, and of light.

Knowledge, authority, justice: these, then (to sum up), I take to be the hall-marks of Professor Saintsbury's work. No man who is thoroughly just can escape the making of enemies:

"He makes no friend who never made a foe."

But, whatever has been said against his work by those whose interest it seems to disparage it, no one has been able to bring against it any railing accusation that pointed to a serious inaccuracy, an absolutely false judgment, or a single example of *animus* or of prejudice. And, when one considers the long array of difficult dates that star his volumes, and the diverse and illusive works which he has been called upon to judge, one finds this praise very far above the common meed. Latterly, perhaps, circumstances have led him to write more profusely than is good for even the most stable talent. His name has appeared editorially upon title-pages with a frequency which has startled his admirers with apprehension. The labours of the professional editor are not always stimulating. That risk, however—never serious—is now removed by a promotion most fortunate for contemporary letters. At Edinburgh he has a field to which his talents are peculiarly suited; he will address a class of students of the very nature to appreciate his authority; and he will be enabled to take a well-merited rest from the incessant activity of the pen. When he returns to his wider audience, he will return refreshed; and he may be assured that he will find them no less eager to welcome him than are his new friends in the north.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

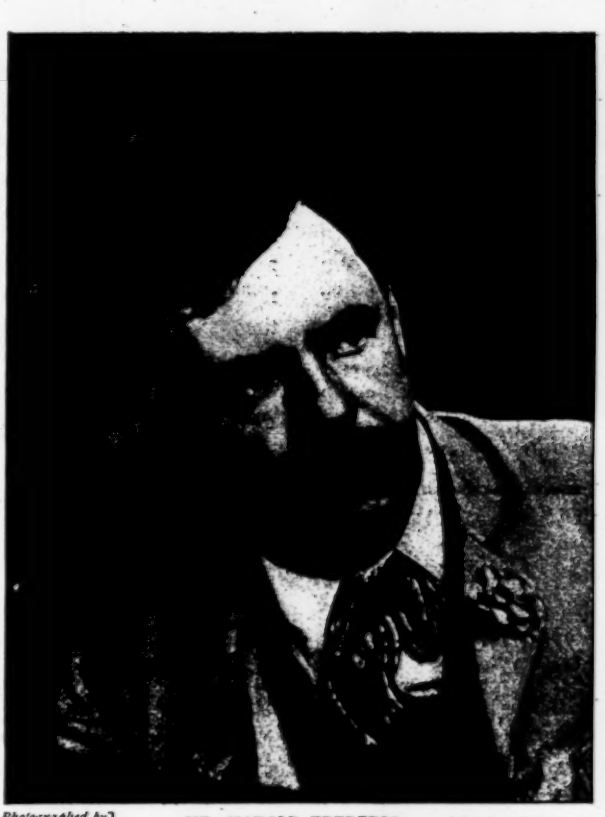
## "ILLUMINATION" AND ITS AUTHOR.

BEFORE "Illumination" was published in England this spring, Mr. Harold Frederic was well known as a very able journalist, and by those who are on the outlook for good work in fiction, and are not much influenced by popular successes, he was already recognised as a writer of distinction and promise. "Illumination," however, was on a larger scale than any of his former efforts; it struck so sure a sound; and spoke of subjects and experiences of such universal interest in Anglo-Saxon countries, that it is no wonder his reputation suddenly widened and strengthened. Mr. Frederic is an American resident in England, but though he treats specially and with peculiar intimacy of American things, English readers and critics have a way of looking on him as one of their own countrymen. He has not the cosmopolitan air, maybe, of Mr. Henry James, but, at least, no barrier of race, or manner, or temperament has to be got over before we can come to a complete understanding and appreciation of his work.

If the writer is interesting, the man is even more so, and some account of his very remarkable career may not unfitly preface our few comments on his literary work up to this date. Mr. Frederic was born in Utica, N.Y., August 19th, 1856. His ancestors on the father's side were Dutch and Huguenot French, on the mother's New England Yankee, of Somersetshire extraction. When the boy was but eighteen months old, his father, a decorator and painter, was killed in a railway accident. To his mother, who toiled hard for years to pay all debts and to maintain the household, he owes his energetic nature and a remarkable example of honourable courage in difficulties. The boy's school-time, under the circumstances, could not be lengthy; but, at least, it began early—at four years old. There are traditions of his being a devourer of books while little more than a baby, and his memory goes back to a keen enjoyment of Horace Walpole's "Memoirs of the Reign of George III." and Merimée's "Pedro the Cruel" at the age of six. At twelve he had to leave school and work for his living, carting wood, tending cows, and selling milk on the streets of Utica. But his health gave way, and as he had always desired to be an artist, he was taken away from a life too hard for a delicate boy, and set to learn drawing. At fourteen, a photographer employed him, gave him work as a negative re-toucher, and he earned his living thus, principally in Boston, till he was about seventeen. Then he was threatened with loss of sight; his employment was gone, and his few books followed, to keep bare life in. His eyes

recovered, but for the next year or two he had a hard struggle. His thoughts were set on literature, and he made some attempts at writing fiction. He became proof-reader on the *Utica Herald*, but another breakdown came after six months of this work. The *Utica Observer* appointed him on its reporting staff in 1878, and in 1880 he became its editor. His writing attracted attention beyond the limits of his native town, and a more important paper soon offered him its editorship, the *Albany Evening Journal*. Two years later, when Mr. Frederic was twenty-six, his energy and intelligence were rewarded by his appointment to be European Correspondent of the *New York Times*. Now he is the senior in service of the American correspondents here.

His journalistic life since then has been varied, useful, and distinguished. He has travelled in many parts of Europe, and he is a recognised authority on certain European questions that can only be profitably studied at close quarters, after trouble, fatigue, even danger, and by aid of much study and the maintenance of an independent mind. When cholera was raging in the South of France in 1884 he visited, at great risk, the cholera hospitals in Marseilles, Toulon, and Arles. He has made three exhaustive tours into Ireland, visiting all parts, seeing and coming at the opinions and points of view of all classes, and all sections. Even the most sensitively patriotic of Irishmen will own Mr. Frederic knows Ireland. His interest in Irish matters is evinced not only in his political writings, but in some of the best of his fiction as well, witness "The Return of the O'Mahony." Though Mr. Frederic has never formally avowed the authorship of the remarkable series of articles that appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* two years ago, on the Ireland of the present and the future, under the signature of "X.", it is no longer a secret. Written by an avowed friend of Irish claims, they treat things with just that cool and convincing candour that hardly one Nationalist is capable of, knowing and exaggerating, as the Irishman does, the misunderstandings of Englishmen in this matter; treats them, too, with a breadth of view, with a fair back-look on causes, and a reasonable outlook on prospects and consequences not at all common in political controversy. They were written to stir thought and arouse scrutiny in a question talked of too generally in a spirit either fanatical or cynical. Journalists are not always credited with statesmanlike purposes or views. Mr. Frederic was known as a prominent newspaper man, and he believed they would receive more serious consideration, and fulfil their purpose better, if anonymous.



*Photographed by Mr. Frederic*] MR. HAROLD FREDERIC. [*for the "Bookman."*

Two visits to Berlin, in 1888 and 1890, furnished him with the material for his book on "The Young Emperor." It is a brightly written monograph, and marked by the author's independence of judgment and his habit of taking into account the various elements and the complicated conditions in the life of a state. Maybe, Mr. Frederic has here sometimes suppressed his very abundant humour in dealing with the rather meddlesome young monarch, but then again he is probably in the right when, instead of treating William II. as a character just escaped out of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, as it is our flippant habit to do, he refers to the Emperor's comet-like activity and his grandiloquent moral discourses as "the certainty and sureness of touch with which he appeals to the inborn German liking for lofty and noble visions of actions." In any case, whether one regards William as a beneficent Father of his country and example to monarchs, or as a European nuisance, in no other English book will you get so condensed and so comprehensive a view of the political situation from the last days of William I. to the fall of Bismarck.

His next work, dealing with a great public question, "The New Exodus," published in 1892, treats of the condition of the Jews in Russia towards the end of the reign of the late Czar and of the persecution, regular and irregular, to which they were subjected. Mr. Frederic travelled some thirteen thousand versts, in the summer of 1891, to see with his own eyes the victims and their pursuers, and examined into the briet of each. The book is a terrible picture of stupid cruelty; and it is quite as much an exposure of the fatal path of the persecutor. He watched, he says, "Russia trying to get back again into her Asiatic shell." If Mr. Frederic ever pays another visit of inspection to the great chaotic country, it will be interesting to learn from so keen-sighted an observer whether this creeping back into barbarism is now really checked, and whether the apparently benevolent attitude of the new *régime* has any serious meaning.

Mr. Frederic is still a hard-working journalist, and looks forward to years of the same kind of labour. He has to use his time with all economy that his imaginative writing may be produced. "Illumination" took six years to finish, with the continual interruption of other tasks. To collect the historical material, and to write and rewrite "In the Valley," took eleven years. But he has earned a high place among British writers of fiction, and a steady progress has marked his career ever since the publication of his first stories. In "Seth's Brother's Wife" (1886-7) he probably utilises many

of his own journalistic experiences. Seth Fairchild in Tecumseh is the more vivid a personality because the young Frederic had lived through much the same kind of thing in Utica. It is in no idyllic strain he writes, as here, of American rural life, which he calls "a sad and sterile enough thing, with its unrelieved physical strain, its enervating and destructive diet, its mental barrenness, its sternly narrowed groove of toil and thought and companionship." The escape and the longing to escape from it are important factors in the plot. "In the Valley" (1889-90) is a much more elaborate piece of work, written with great care, and containing passages of very high literary merit. The scene is in the Mohawk Valley; the actors are Dutch and English settlers; and the time just before and during the War of Independence. It is a good story, but its best merit is the light it throws on the history of the Dutch colonists in the valley of the Upper Mohawk, originally planted there by the English to "serve as a shield against savagery for their own Atlantic settlements," a purpose frustrated by the turn which they gave to the War, at Oriskany. His next novel, "The Lawton Girl," brings us back to the neighbourhood of the scenes in "Seth's Brother's Wife," and indeed the two books have some personages in common. It is mainly the story, very chivalrously told, of a girl "who lived it down," and who, as she thought good living not enough to cleanse her from a past disgrace, gave her life as well. Yet these tales belong to the time of his apprenticeship. In his later work he has shown much greater lightness of hand, more certainty of touch. The romantic fantasy, "The Return of the O'Mahony" (1892), is an extremely original, and an attractive compound of Irish fun and pathos. For the time being he seems to have actually adopted Ireland as the home of his fancy. Never again has he been quite so fantastical; but the influence of Ireland is strong in his heart and mind, and he contemplates a cycle of Irish tales, all of the O'Mahony coast—south-west Cork. Three of these have already been printed, "The Path of Murtough" in the *Idler*, "In the Shadow of Gabriel" in *Black and White*, and "The Truce of the Bishop" in the *Yellow Book*. Others will follow some day, for the themes have a special hold on Mr. Frederic's sympathies.

Old war memories are among the most vivid of the recollections and influences of his early days, and these have supplied him with the matter of some of the best of his work. "The Copperhead and other Tales" (1894), a series of stories dealing with life in the rural parts of the Northern States during the War of the Rebellion, represent his high-water mark of narrative, while "Marsena," published in London a few months ago, contains some admirable pictures of the war-fever as it showed itself in quiet places, as well as one masterly portrait of a woman who plays the recruiting sergeant with reckless energy, her *beaux yeux*, in their softer moments, instilling patriotism far better than the gayest band or gaudiest uniform, and her fickle heart driving the discarded, despairing gallants away to be willing food for powder. Two lighter efforts have quite recently been issued by Mr. Lane. "Mrs. Albert Grundy" (1895), is a bit of smart satire of some English types, but it hardly gives Mr. Frederic's best powers a chance of display. Of "March Hares," on the other hand, the same cannot be said. Published under the name of George Forth, chiefly lest it should get in the way of "Illumination," and issued about the same time, the secret of the authorship was let out very quickly, against his will. It is a witty and amiable little story, which you may call comedy, or romance, or extravaganza. Scots and Americans and most other folks and things that get into it, are good-humouredly laughed at in this fairy-tale of wonderful meetings, of heartening strokes of good luck, of delightful good fellowship, the scene of which is yet neither Arcady nor Bagdad, but foggy and workaday London.

But "Illumination" demands more special attention. Mr. Frederic's intimate knowledge of American provincial life, his wide and various information, his sturdy moral fibre, his keen intellect, and his understanding of human nature, are all employed in his story of the career of Theron Ware. A pious enthusiast, a man of simple, earnest life, who has made his way honourably from humble beginnings to the pastorate, with rare gifts of eloquence, and justifiable ambitions—uneducated, nevertheless, and with narrow experiences in his life and his mind: so Ware appears to us at first. His lot is cast among a congregation still more ignorant than himself, stupidly rigid and sordidly material—and he is neither—just at the time when chance brings him face to face with beauty and artistic influences, with learning and culture and the joy of life. The man is sensitive and susceptible, and the novel experiences go to his head. The intoxication brings new, undreamt-of happiness. Ideas he had never heard of creep into his understanding, and break down all the old artificial barriers; the world becomes wider, and his thirst for further light grows incessantly. There is no step between that and scorn of his own immediate surroundings and boundless self-pity. Then he is on the steep downward path. The new ideas, the glimpses of luxury, act like strong drink on an unaccustomed boy. His nature is not robust enough, nor trained enough, to stand them. His old stays gone, he has no other supports, and he has never been taught to stand alone. His senses, kept under till now by starvation, assert themselves. One of his new acquaintances at last bluntly tells him he is a bore; but they all mean that he is a cad. Yet in this study of degeneration Mr. Frederic forces our scorn to be softened by pity. It is by no means a faultless book. To show the sharp contrast between the atmosphere in which Ware had lived and the air of culture and intellectual subtlety that surrounds the Roman Catholic Agnostic Father Forbes, and the marvellous but not very life-like nor very likeable Celia, and the mysterious Dr. Ledsmar, Mr. Frederic has shot at us a great amount of miscellaneous learning. Well, that is one way of coming at his end, though hardly the best. But it is a book full of ideas, of fine observation, and strongly-drawn characters. Sister Soulsby, let us say in passing, is inimitable. It is a just possible surmise that we have not heard the last of Ware. He had a bad fall, but he was not the kind of man to die of it. "'Talk is what tells these days,' he says, when he has somewhat recovered. '"Who knows? I may turn up in Washington a full-blown senator before I'm forty."' But whether we have seen the last of Ware or not, we count on many notable things from the author of "Illumination."

## NEGLECTED BOOKS.

### VII.—Coleridge's West Indies.

BY Y. Y.

TOWARDS the close of the last century a new form of Traveller's Tale arose. Its aims were definite and deliberate. On the one hand, in the spirit of the age, it was didactic and practical; facts, even dry facts were not neglected; moral and political reflections were adroitly interspersed; the traveller sought to inform and educate. On the other—and therein lay its novelty—it was subjective. This element it derived from the French through Sterne and Addison. Fancy Montaigne on tour, and you have the ideal of the new school. With singular success it wove into one texture the traveller's narrative and the familiar essay. In the best examples this subjective treatment is curiously uniform. It never fails to borrow the serio-comic humour, the perverse whimsicality and the exaggerated half-burlesque sentiment of Sterne. To this it adds its own flavour of cheerful cynicism, with more than a suspicion of fashionable infidelity. The traveller always is, or pretends to be, an old bachelor and a testy but benevolent valetudinarian—Matthew Bramble was doubtless the model—and this hypochondriac vein affords a licence for the wildest and most diverting paradoxes. He avows himself a cosmopolitan, and disparages things English, till some foreigner ventures an echo, and then! Always the scholar and gentleman, he has his Horace at his fingers' ends, and is sadly prone to father Latin puns on Virgil. But more than all else he is an aristocrat; in his attitude towards the scenery and the natives we trace a delicate *nuance* of patronage which is perhaps his happiest charm. A few of these features are shared by Johnson, but his incomparable "Tour" must always stand apart—in my opinion the finest book of travel we possess. Perhaps Beckford's "Portugal, Gallicia, and Spain" best represents the more refined type of the school, and "Monk" Lewis its broader and more virile features in the racy narrative of his visits to his Jamaican estates. As time went on the touch became lighter and more affected, but the admiration of nature more discriminating: a good example is Head's "Bubbles from the Brunnen," which appeared about 1835, though in view of the flatulent imbecility of his "Irish Tour," I have always suspected that his best bubbles were really blown by his friend Marryat. Still later, perhaps the last of the good old school, we have Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant," a book of right aromatic charm, and as yet by no means neglected. New interests, new modes of thought and expression had crept in; the new school had to give more attention to its skies and atmospheric effects and science, and beetles, yet the influence of the old may still be traced down even to Loti and Stevenson.

Midway in its course, in 1826, Murray put out a little duodecimo under the title of "Six Months in the West Indies," which passed through several editions, the third (and I believe last), "with additions," being of 1832. Its vogue may partly have been due to its bearing on the slavery question; however, that soon passed, and though its existence is not forgotten, few now seem to have read it, nor is it often met with. This little castaway, then, I have singled out among "neglected books," because without being a masterpiece it is very excellent in its way, and because it is so highly typical of the merits and imperfections of its school.

This particular Coleridge was Henry Nelson, son of the Colonel, and nephew, son-in-law, and literary executor of the poet, whose "Table Talk" he collected. Beyond an "Introduction to Homer" and a highly popular political squib, he published little. An Eton man and fellow of King's, his manner is deeply tinged with the classical affectations of the old University provincialism, yet his acquaintance with modern languages and literature was evidently considerable. In 1825, at the age of twenty-seven, he accompanied his uncle William, who went out as first Bishop of Barbados. To cure his rheumatism was his professed object, for of course he poses as an invalid and quite the old bachelor; and very sparkling is the wit with which he handles his malady in his first chapter. "If Yorick," he concludes, "had written after me, he would have mentioned the Rheumatic Traveller. This book is rheumatic from beginning to end; all its peculiarities, its diverse affections, its irregular spirits flow from that respectable source." So he pretends.

No wonder it found enemies. It infuriated the Abolitionist cranks, exasperated the wretched Colonial Assemblies, flustered the Mission Boards, and imperilled the starch of the ecclesiastical proprieties. For the oddest thing about the book is that it was really the narrative of a missionary tour, or, still more awful, of an episcopal first visitation. With his lordship and the two chaplains from isle to isle throughout the diocese, this very queerest of Shandean, if not Voltairian or even Rabelaisian episcopal satellites progressed at his ease, observing the manners, the men, and still more the women, the meats, and the drinks of the land. Well received by all for the "good bishop's" sake, and doubtless, too, for that personal distinction which ran in the family, he feasted and junketted, danced by the fireflies' light, improved upon many of the secrets, and reformed some of the abuses of the Creole *cuisine*, assisted at picnics, church openings, wholesale nigger baptisms and weddings, and in short gave a genteel but certainly original reading of the *rôle* of bishop's chamberlain. And then home he comes, and writes this airy, devil-may-care report of the missionary tour, poking fun at all the big-wigs, lay and clerical, and that with an affectation of ingenuous and playful innocence quite irresistible. Yet after all where was the harm? Time has confirmed most of his graver judgments, and few of his sallies would have offended our thicker-skinned generation. A wise Methodist of to-day would echo his denunciation of the Gospel sharks with their iniquitous ticket system, while a Romanist might smile at his fine ringing anti-Popery tone, and balance his respectful attitude to their excellent bishop against his exposure of the black sheep among their Spanish priests. In truth, Coleridge was quite a sound Churchman in his way—the old-fashioned Fellow-of-King's way, practical, philanthropic, conventional, with some taste for "neatness" in church interiors and a mighty loathing for cant.

Clearly a most risky book to write, but his high-bred instinct just saves him. With admirable tact he suppresses his connection with the bishop, just mentioning him now and then as a fellow-traveller in a distant, historical, some-

times humorous manner. Not a word about him on the voyage or at Madeira. He first appears at Barbados thus: "I was present when the first Protestant bishop arrived in the bay, and the landing was a spectacle which I shall not easily forget." This surely is very adroit and a model of good taste. Here, by the bye, occurs one of his happy touches. Describing the frantic enthusiasm of the negroes—for a bishop was a novelty and the symbol of a holiday—he says, "They threw up their arms and waved their handkerchiefs, they danced and jumped and rolled on the ground, they sang and screamed and shouted and roared, till the whole surface of the place seemed to be one huge grin of delight."

Coleridge is a true philanthropist and eager advocate of reforms. Schools are his hobby; he draws up a capital scheme for Codrington College; he would make education the step to emancipation; would save the blacks from the enemies of their race—Buxton, Wilberforce, and the African Society; he commends the patriarchal form of slavery, and bitterly resents with the bishop the exclusion of the black and coloured dead from the churchyard; reprobating the ignorant abuse levelled at the planters, he is not blind to their selfishness and prejudices; the travesty of Home Rule government he derides, the scandalous prison system he denounces, his panacea being the newly-invented treadmill; and, finally, he wants to grow yams in England. These graver passages, though themselves plentifully studded with quips and cranks, lend weight to the book. But that is not all. In spite of his raillery, affectations, and exaggerations, he somehow does contrive to give in this little pocket volume a very complete, practical, picturesque, and memorable account of the Lesser Antilles. Of course the most popular modern accounts, Kingsley's "At Last," Froude's "Oceana," and certain papers in Palgrave's "Ulysses," show a vast progress in word-painting, in natural history and botany—there the bougainvilleia is always being flourished at us, but at least it is never called a forest tree—yet they are somehow not so convincing, and leave a less definite impression. Why is this?

As to our word-painting, likely enough in a century it will look as conventional as the "verdant meads" and "yawning chasms" of our grandfathers. After all we have not improved much on writing like this: "The situation was a clean terrace jutting out from the breast of the mountain, which rose to a great height above it. Palm trees stood around"—then after the description—"As I have said before, planters are not poetical; but, my heart! if I possessed this place, methinks while young morning blushed, or high noon slept, or gentle, dewy evening made nature think and pause, I would stroll upon my terrace, or sit, three parts recumbent, on one of those old oak chairs with Hastings' coronet on it, and forget the world of strife and penury and pain, till I lapsed into a citizen of the other world of peace and plenty and joy! Σκιᾶς ὄναρ." There is grim pathos, too, in his picture of the forlorn neglected island of Anguilla, and often and often that little finishing touch which reveals the word-artist.

But doubtless his effect is mainly gained by the odd and whimsical turns of thought and expression by which he surprises and fixes our attention. Thus, during the storm: "Buonaparte had the credit of saying that there was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; there were precisely seven on board of his Majesty's ship. On deck all was terrible or lovely, in the cabin everything was absurd or disgusting." Again: "The Council and Assembly of Montserrat hold their important deliberations in two miserable outhouses, and Mr. Herbert, who has worn a cocked hat in their defence for thirty years, has neither a bed to lie on allowed him nor" .... Who else would have defined a Governor thus? At Barbados, "the Council, the General Assembly, the judges, the juries, the debtors and the felons, all live together in one house," and the latter lounge in to listen to the debates. But for this lively description I have no space. Nor for the palaver with the Trinidad Caribs and blacks, held by the Governor and Bishop in the Romish chapel (the Padre first removing the pyx), nor for Sir Ralph's marvellous speech in the *talkee-talkee* dialect. Nor for the delicious mosaic style of the polyglot Padre, save just a specimen. "Ah! j'ai dit que el dulce vino es la leche de un viejo. Le Latin est good ting, muy good knowledge; sin el Latin rien to be done." To which Coleridge, pulling himself together replies: "Usted, señor, loquitur Latin as elegamment como the Español seu French;" then the priest, "Ah, vous me flattez, sir," and so on. When the Bishop was marrying a dozen nigger couples "seven or eight more were influenced by the sweet contagion, and struck up a marriage on the spot as we see done in the old comedies. One woman, I remember, turned sulky and would not come to the scratch, but Chesapeak, her lover, was not to be done; 'Now you savey, Mol,' said he, 'me no tand you shim shams; me come to be married, and me *will* be married; you come beg me when I got another.' Still Mol ccquetted it; Chesapeak went out, staid five minutes, and, as I am a Christian man, brought in a much prettier girl under his arm, and was married to her forthwith." The gate-pillars of the Protestant church at Antigua are "surmounted by two good statues of saints which were primarily intended for the idolatry of Guadaloupe or Martinique, but were fortunately intercepted by a Protestant man-of-war." Here is a fantastic groan over the heat at St. Vincent's: "'Botanicus verus,' says Linnæus, 'desudabit in augendo amabilem scientiam.' Mercy on us! it might be a criterion of zeal in Sweden, but in Kingstown a very bad and slothful botanist nearly exuded his life in walking half-way to the Garden."

These samples must suffice of the odd things he has to say and of his odd way of saying them. But after all I must not wholly omit the very oddest of them all, the career of the Rev. Mr. Audain, sometime Rector of Dominica. The living was rich, the flock small, most of the Dominicans being votaries of Rome or Wesley. The rector was a patriot. "Peter certainly owned a boat, and the authorised translation (Mr. Audain loved literal orthodoxy) intimates a partnership amongst some of the apostles in a ship. So Mr. Audain built a schooner, and carried on for many years a system of practical polemics with the disputants of the French school, to his own abundant profit and notoriety. It is even yet fresh in the recollections of the inhabitants of Roseau, with how joyful a rapture this holy Dominican once broke off the service on a Sunday, unable to repress the emotions of his triumph on seeing the vessel of his faith

sail into the bay with a dismasted barque laden with sugar, rum, and other Gallic vanities from Martinique." To privateering he added smuggling and nigger stealing. But his schooner was taken by a Nevis privateer. In fury, Audain went over to Nevis, posted up a challenge on the court-house door, and for three days marched up and down armed with a sword and four pistols waiting for his enemy. Audain fitted out another schooner and cruised in her himself. She was taken by a Spaniard and the rector escaped with his life. "Up to this time, Audain, though occasionally non-resident for the aforesaid reasons, had continued the minister of Roseau. He was a singularly eloquent preacher in the pathetic and suasory style, and he rarely failed to draw down tears upon the cheeks of those who heard him. His manners were fine and gentle, and his appearance even venerable. He was hospitable to the rich and gave alms to the poor. But his repeated losses were such as to bear even a royal merchant down; the Dominicans became more scrupulous, and a governor came who knew not Audain. So Audain abdicated the pulpit of Roseau." He then set up in the corn trade in St. Domingo, but had to flee after a couple of duels. "He now settled in St. Eustatius, put on his black coat aga'n and recommenced clergyman. . . . There were many religions but no priest in the island. Audain had become liberally minded by misfortune. . . . He offered to minister to all the sects respectively, which they thankfully accepted. In the morning he celebrated mass in French, in the forenoon read the liturgy of the Church of England, in the afternoon spräckened the Dutch service, and at nightfall chanted to the Methodists." He then married a rich Dutch widow, officiating both as priest and bridegroom. "Audain has fought thirteen duels and is a good boxer. . . . He is now about sixty years of age, and has wholly reformed his manners. He loves his Dutch wife, and says his prayers so loud at night as to disturb his neighbours. His English wife sends him a Christmas box annually from Bristol. He is a man of infinite talent and has seen the world. I trust the report is true that he is writing a life of himself." Was it true? did he? If so, that were indeed a neglected book to rescue from oblivion.

## NEW BOOKS.

### CRITICAL KIT-KATS.*

With the choice and slightly recondite allusiveness which he loves, Mr. Gosse has called his volume of critical studies after those modest and compact portraits which were invented, he tells us, "for the low comfortable rooms where people dined in the last century." The "Kit-kat" is curtailed; it pretends neither to whole length nor to half length; it "emphasises the head without quite excluding the hand"; it portrays by felicitous selection, not by elaborate exhaustiveness. Certainly, the painter who thus restricts his task relieves himself of much labour which is apt to have mainly a technical interest; the flowing robes, of Raphael's cardinals, the jewelled breasts of Velasquez' kings, are magnificent, but we would yield them up for some more heads or even hands from the same pencils. And the critical biographer who refrains from presenting the inexpressive trunk, the useful but unideal nether limbs, the pedestrian feet, the whole mechanism of digestion and support, both simplifies his task as a portrayer and very often adds to the portrait-value of his work. The same fastidiousness, moreover, which approved, if it did not prompt, this selective mode of treating the particular subjects, seems to have presided over, if it did not determine, the choice of the subjects themselves. This volume of Kit-kats is itself a sort of Kit-kat of the mellow refined romanticism of the later nineteenth century, a slight but vivid portrait composed of a selection of the most delicate and speaking traits. Perhaps the great, massive, many-sided figures of literature are less in Mr. Gosse's way; at least they lend themselves less happily to his artistic method; and he loves rather to evoke its full quality and expression from some shy unobtrusive voice of the byways, than to put fresh interpretations upon the great familiar harmonies of the world's song. One of these shy voices owes almost entirely to Mr. Gosse such resonance as it now possesses. The pathetic story of Toru Dutt, here told with fine sympathetic insight, belongs equally to French and to English letters, for she wrote in both languages, and with even greater elegance and pleasure in French. This gifted Indian girl must be counted among those who have written with something more than imitative skill in a strange tongue. She was steeped in the romantic poets of England and France, ignoring the "classics"—Chénier, Mr. Gosse tells us, was with her the next name in chronological succession after Du Bartas; but she applied their phrase and diction with ready felicity to the landscape of her own country. The creative imagination of Western romanticism seems to meet and mingle in this child of India with the deep-lying nature-worship of the East. How suggestively, in her lines, "Our Casuarina Tree," does the memory of Wordsworth's "deathless trees" of Borrowdale, with Fear and trembling Hope, and Death the Skeleton and Time the shadow, haunting their spectral gloom, elicit and articulate the vague mystic reverence which had gathered in the child's mind about the giant comrade of her home, with its scarred and rugged trunk enwound by a flowering creeper "up to its very summit near the stars," and casting its shadow on the broad tank among the snowy masses of water-lily.

The little essay on Toru Dutt is an example of the peculiar alertness to merit in remote quarters which has always distinguished Mr. Gosse, and has enabled him to perform more than one signal service to English culture. Possibly a dash of foreign blood, which so often enriches the compass of critical sensibility, may have helped to emancipate him from the insular phlegm of the Saxon. Hazlitt declared that Bentham was much better known to the Siberian savage than to the people of Westminster, where he lived. Mr. Gosse, if we may adapt these famous sentences to him, is certainly very much alive to the merits of the Westminster press; but we rather suspect that he feels a secret zest of a yet more exquisite kind, when he is in a position to make known a new work by some Siberian savage of whom no one else has heard, or to hold out the hand of literary fellowship to the tawny Indian across the Pacific. This activity with the literary telescope would hardly be a matter for gratitude if it had resulted merely or usually in the finding of meteors. But in fact Mr. Gosse has shown a singular felicity in the discovery of true stars, sometimes of the first order of magnitude. The discoveries of the present volume are not, however, for the most part of this kind. The subjects of the studies lie comparatively near at hand. But there are only one or two who do not acquire, at Mr. Gosse's hands, some touch of that heightened and subtle illumination which the intimacy of private friendship brings with it; some grains of personal, familiar fact unknown when these papers were first published. In two cases these new facts are the legacy of another's friendship with his subject. The origin of the Portuguese sonnets, and the later history of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, were told, as is now well known, at the express wish of Browning; and in each case Mr. Gosse's essay must rank in future literary history as the one authoritative document upon the question. The former paper, however, contains a great deal more than the memorable story of Robert Browning's invention of the title, which adds so pleasant a relish of allusiveness to the sonnets "from the Portuguese." Mr. Gosse follows the evolution of the sonnets themselves with a delicate critical insight. He remarks justly on the rarity in literature of love poetry

* "Critical Kit-kats." By Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann.)

written by women and openly addressed to men. A closer parallel than any of the three or four which he brings together as "almost the only poems of such a kind in all literature" might surely be found in the exquisite love-songs addressed by Marianne von Willemer to Goethe, and enshrined in his "Divan." A real Catarina was here addressing a greater than Camoens, and than Browning, in strains which certainly fall short of Mrs. Browning's in poignancy and intellectual power, but not in lucidity or sincerity.

Among the most fascinating of these studies is certainly that on Whitman. It has the piquancy that belongs to all critical work in which the writer is visibly striving to discover why he is magnetically attracted by what his intellect condemns. Mr. Gosse was in Boston, "a stiffnecked and froward unbeliever" in the claims of the poet, and with no intention whatever of going several hundred miles out of his way to visit him. However, Whitman summoned him, and he went. It was the depth of winter; Camden, where Whitman lived, was "grim with concentrated ugliness," his house was "a dreary two-story tenement," the door was opened by "a melancholy woman," the poet's room was bare, carpetless, and had "a miserable wall-paper—tinted with a spot"—all these offences to the artistic refinement of his visitor symbolised the cardinal offence of Whitman as a writer—his primitiveness, his total lack of the conveniences and comforts of a well-regulated literary domicile. In this "amorphous" quality of Whitman Mr. Gosse ingeniously finds an explanation of the Protean divergences and transformations of Whitman-criticism. "Whitman is mere *bathybius*; he is literature in the condition of protoplasm—an intellectual organism so simple that it takes the instant impression of whatever mood approaches it. Hence the critic who touches Whitman is immediately confronted with his own image stamped upon that viscid and tenacious surface. He finds, not what Whitman has to give, but what he himself has brought. And when in quite another mood he goes again to Whitman, he finds that other self of his own stamped upon the provoking protoplasm." This is brilliantly put, but we are not sure that the brilliance is quite of the right kind. It seems to be an example of the only charge which can be with any plausibility brought against Mr. Gosse's style, a tendency to make imagery do the work of thought. For, after all, who does "find himself" in the real amorpha, the real bathybii of literature? Who is beguiled by the shapelessness of the novel, the incoherence of the sermon, to project into it his own genius and read in it his own ideal? We do not labour the point, for in fact Mr. Gosse is merely, under the influence of that conflict we spoke of, expressing one side of the complex truth he feels in his image, and the other in his application; and a little later on we get other images which render with more effect the strange power which escapes from this invertebrate being; as well as in the last pages, some masterly, though not we think quite final, analysis. For no student of Mr. Gosse can fail to see, what his captivating brilliance makes it easy, though still inexcusable, for the lighter reader to ignore, that he is a strenuous as well as a learned critic, "radiant, adorn'd, outside," like Arnold's Muse, if the parallel may be ventured, but with "a hidden core of thought and of austerity within." If he does not, as Keats says of Milton, "prefer the ardours to the pleasures" of criticism, he does not shun those ardours; if he "solaces himself at intervals with cups of old wine," he has been a busy labourer in the vineyard himself.

One would gladly linger over the other papers in this charming volume, familiar as most of them are to the reader of the contemporary press—the studies of Christina Rossetti, of Lord De Tabley, of Edward FitzGerald, of Beddoes, of Heredia, of Pater, of Stevenson. We prefer, in dealing with a book of Kit-kats, to stand aside and let the reader watch the painter at work with his delicate brush. We choose a specimen of which the subject, besides being comparatively little known, presented just that absence of salient and imposing traits which provokes and elicits Mr. Gosse's art. This is a part of his portrait of John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley, "one of the strangest and most shadowy of men," who, some twenty years ago, finding that the number of his friends no longer satisfied his principle "that one should not be acquainted with fewer than ten people in all," determined to add a little new blood by knowing Mr. Gosse.

"For my part, I was too raw and inexperienced to appreciate the distinction of his choice, but not too dull to value the soft goings and comings of this moth-like man, so hushed and faded, like a delicate withered leaf, so mysterious, so profoundly learned, so acutely sensitive that an inflection in the voice seemed to chill him like a cold wind, so refined that with an ardent thought the complexion of his intellect seemed to flush like the cheek of a girl. . . . In his unobtrusive dress, with his timid, fluttering manner, there was nothing at all impressive in the outer guise of him. He seemed to melt into the twilight of a corner, to succeed, as far as a mortal can, in being invisible. This evasive ghost, in a loose, snuff-coloured coat, would always be the first person in the room to be overlooked by the superficial observer. It was in a *tête-à-tête* across the corner of the mahogany, under a lamplight that emphasized the noble modelling of the forehead, and lighted up the pale azure eyes, that a companion saw what manner of man he was dealing with, and half-divined, perhaps, the beauty and wisdom of his unique and astonishing mind. It was an education to be permitted to listen to him then, to receive his slight and intermittent confidences, to pour out with the inconsiderate egotism of youth one's own hopes and failures, to feel this infinitely refined and sensitive spirit benignantly concentrated on one's prentice efforts, which seemed to grow a little riper and more dignified by the mere benediction of that smile. His intellect . . . . did not guide or command, it simply radiated light around the steps of a friend. The radiance was sometimes faint, but it was exquisite, and it seemed omnipresent."

An anecdote, not less expressive in a different style, may supplement this portrait, and close the present notice. De Tabley was a connoisseur in bibliography, to whose training Mr. Gosse confesses that he partly owes his own mastery of that fine-art.

"For some of his little, rare seventeenth-century volumes he had an almost petulant affection. . . . On a certain occasion when I was at his house, Robert Browning and Frederick Locker being the other guests, Warren had put on the table his latest prize, a copy of Sir William Davenant's 'Madagascar' of 1638. Browning presently got hold of the little book, and began reading passages aloud, making fun of the poetry (which, indeed, is pretty bad) with 'Listen, now, to this,' and 'Here's a fine conceit.' Warren bore it for a little while, and then he very gently took the volume out of Browning's hands, and hid it away. 'Oh!' he explained to me afterwards, 'I couldn't allow him to *patronise* Davenant.'"

C. H. HERFORD.

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## "GABRIEL SETOUN'S" ROBERT BURNS.*

Mr. "Setoun's" study of Burns is a very valuable and opportune addition to a useful series of volumes, although it is not so incisively written as Mr. Macpherson's "Thomas Carlyle," and does not reveal such an intimate knowledge of its subject as Mr. Taylor Innes's "John Knox." But it is eminently sensible, and so far as Burns the man is concerned, is more sympathetic than anything that has appeared since the famous essay of John Wilson. Occasionally, as it seems to me, Mr. "Setoun" errs through over-modesty. He quotes Principal Shairp or M. Angellier—although M. Angellier certainly deserves quotation—when he might well have given his own sentiments—such just sentiments as these: "In spite of the occasional excesses of his later years, Burns did not degenerate into drunkenness, nor was the sense of his responsibilities as a husband, a father, and a man less clear and acute in the last months of his life than it had ever been. Had he lived a few years longer, we should have seen the man mellowed by sorrow and suffering, braving life, not as he had done all along with the passionate vehemence of undisciplined youth, but with the fortitude and dignity of one who had learned that contentment and peace are gifts the world cannot give, and, if he haply find them in his own heart, which it cannot take away." The difficult question of Burns's theology is dealt

* "Robert Burns." By Gabriel Setoun. Famous Scots Series. (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

with very judiciously by Mr. "Setoun," who is probably not wide of the mark when he says, "Because he attacked rigid orthodoxy as upheld by Auld Licht doctrine, that does not at all mean that he was espousing through thick and thin the cause of the New Light party. He fought in his own name, with his own weapons, and for humanity." So much has been said about Burns during this centenary year, that many of Mr. "Setoun's" judgments, especially on the comparative excellence of Burns's poems, may seem commonplace. But it is to his credit that he has had the courage to be commonplace and accurate, instead of floundering in a maze—or mess—of paradoxes. Mr. "Setoun" has fallen into some trifling errors of fact which it might be well for him to correct when a second edition of his book is called for. Thus the poet's father uniformly spelled his name "Burnes," not "Burness." Mr. "Setoun" spoils a point when, quoting Burns's own account of his meeting with Lord Daer, he uses the words "dinner'd wi' a *laird*." Before, too, he wrote that "Too often in Dumfries was Burns wiled into the howffs and haunts of these seasoned casks," he should have duly considered the emphatic denial given to such assertions by the poet's widow, more especially as he himself says, "Nowadays writers and professional men have their clubs, and in general frequent them more regularly than Burns ever haunted the howffs of Dumfries." Altogether Mr. "Setoun's" volume, while it throws no fresh light upon Burns, and offers no startling theories, will be welcomed by all level-headed Scotsmen on account of its sanity, its impartiality, and its discriminating enthusiasm.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

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## LORD SELBORNE.*

Even if there were any traditions of conciseness regulating the plan and composition of English biographies, they could hardly apply here, for it is the story of a family, not of one member of it. The general tendency to diffuseness and to haphazard construction must, of course, be increased in such a case, unless the work be treated by the writer as a literary and artistic production, which does not occur with one volume of memoirs in a thousand. But if Lord Selborne "only speaks right on," he often speaks attractively, and he does, by his own leisurely methods, build up a picture of a family, a composite photograph of English character bred in those conditions of sheltered prosperity that rub off harsh traits and encourage stability rather than originality. The personages we are introduced to are not all interesting by any means, and the family traditions are not very picturesque. Indeed, one lights on the directions which William Roundell, Selborne's grandfather, drew up for the conduct of his daughter Molly while abroad, in 1773, with relish and relief. Here are a few of them:—

5. Say Your Prayers; beginning and ending every Day with Applications to Almighty God.
6. Improve Your playing on the Harpischord and Singing.
7. Set down the Dishes in order at every great Dinner or Supper, and get a Receipt for every pretty Dish and learn how to make it.
8. Take great Notice of any fine House, Furniture, or Gardens, and put it into writing that Night.

But there are personalities stalking about through the book, and some of these are within the family. None is more attractive than Selborne's father, William Palmer. He was much given to letter-writing in a moral strain that has since gone out of fashion, and his screeds of theological controversy must to many be wearisome. But these latter can be read in another way. Devoted to his Church, he lived through times that were perilous to it. A loving and anxious father, he saw his sons subjected to the dangers of Tractarianism at Oxford, and the eldest following a strange path that must have seemed to him to lead into the outer darkness. Taking these things into consideration, his theological letters are models of patient persuasion and full of respect to the younger men with whom he was dealing. Beneath the shell of stiff Anglicanism he was a very amiable and a very human man, and his name should recall not merely lengthy theological controversies, but the kindliness that dictated this portion of his will: "I request, that on the day of my funeral, or some other day that may be convenient, every poor family in either parish may be provided at their own homes with a good meal of fresh meat and its appurtenances, that they may eat and be thankful, and bless God, who giveth and taketh away."

But by far the greatest personage within the family circle was William Palmer, Selborne's eldest brother. Mr. Goldwin Smith, writing in 1895, says he was "a man of genius and a most interesting person." His brother speaks on one occasion of acting "the part of Sancho Panza to his Don Quixote," and the description is true for, at least, one of them. He was a man that could not "quiet his own conscience." Francis Faber, the brother of Frederick, wrote of him, "William never thinks of practicability; and in that consists, *me judice*, his great superiority of character. Whatever, in his opinion, ought to be, in his opinion, *can* be: and he rejects all *οἰκονομία*, all management, entirely." One part of his career is well known. An early enthusiast for the unity of Christendom, he made various attempts to persuade the Eastern Church to acknowledge its substantial agreement with the Anglican. His efforts failed; he was never quite satisfied that the Russian Orthodox communion was such as he could enter. His unquiet conscience was indeed very likely never really satisfied, but at last he came to this conclusion: "it is probable that the Roman Church, which is so much larger, is right in condemning both the Anglican and the Eastern Churches; and, since I must sacrifice my private judgment in favour of one of the three, I will sacrifice it in favour of the strongest and most consistent and most probable claimant." And he did so a few years later. By his complete unworldliness, his long searchings of heart, his hatred of comfortable compromise, William Palmer is an alien in this company. He is the kind of man doomed to failure, and powerful to stimulate thought.

"No volcano burns within Sir Roundell Palmer," said Mr. Beresford Hope on one occasion when his own views were coolly responded to by the Solicitor-General. And it was as true in meaning as it was absurd in form. But it must be remembered that, for all Selborne tells of his own career, he yet writes with deep reserve. We hear of times of great gloom, once, at least, relieved by confession, but on its causes he is not communicative. The general picture is one of great placidity. A sheltered childhood was followed by the orthodox public school and university education. He was hedged in through manhood everywhere by tradition and respectability, and he had the comfortable English tendency to compromise, and to safeguard peace of mind by keeping clear thinking in its place. Authority stood like a great shadowy wall over and about him, tempering the light and sound from the struggling outer world. His mind was strong, his conscientious industry great, but his intellect was never pliant, and his legal training made him terribly cautious. He never leaped to a truth. Yet his nature was generous, and his convictions plodded honestly after his instincts, and by dint of great labours he arrived at many points of view which, considering his traditions, were independent and by no means easy of maintenance, on Jewish disabilities, to name one instance. The half way house where his mind dwelt is not in the most stimulating air, but the tale of how he reached it is a tale of honesty and courage. A passage from a letter to the Hon. Arthur Gordon, who, like himself, was interested in the religious teaching of the poor, describes his standpoint on social questions. "If you are like me, it must be delightful to you to escape now and then, in legitimate ways, beyond the barriers which divide class from class (necessarily and providentially, and in a way, therefore, against which no class is entitled to fret or rebel), not in this country only, but all over the world." The words are the words of a man with not very much humour, and not very much human experience, but from the annotations which his life supplies one may be sure at least his conduct never lagged behind his convictions, for he was kindly, upright, fulfilling his duties with a rare conscientiousness to his family, his associates, and his profession. We have gathered more from his personal than his professional reminiscences, but there is a strong legal and political interest attaching to the book, inasmuch as many of his great cases, especially those dealing with international law, and the parliamentary questions on which he

* "Memorials. Part I. Family and Personal, 1766-1865." By Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

laboriously made up his mind, are stated at length, and with the admirable clearness that characterises every part of the present volumes.

## STEVENSON'S VOYAGES.*

In this volume of the "Edinburgh Edition" Mr. Colvin has had responsible work to do, for it is a book of selections made from papers that appeared originally in *Black and White* and in the New York *Sun*. His justification for not giving them in entirety lies in the expressed desire of their author whom they never quite satisfied. Indeed, at the time of their serial publication, there was a feeling abroad that they were not nearly up to the level of Stevenson's best work. It is interesting to test this now by the impression they produce when read as a whole. Either Mr. Colvin has done something for them by omissions, or one has more leisure to consider and make due allowance for their purpose; for they make here a very delightful record of travel, and a necessary preface to the Vailima Letters. The former disappointment, however, was natural enough. There were two or three things we had grown accustomed to from Stevenson, and the chief of these were charm of manner and amusement. He knew we expected these, and it was by his general will, as well as out of his ability that we got them. But he knew there is a time for style and a time for any kind of writing that will express, more or less coherently, things that must be uttered at the moment, and so in his appeal to Europe in his book of Samoan history and politics, literary merits are hardly visible at all. A rough eloquence from the heart made, for the occasion, a good enough substitute. And whether he knew it or not, there was a kind of matter with which he could deal far less skilfully than many much feebler craftsmen. In the statement and the arrangement of information he was never anywhere near his best. So his memoir of Fleeming Jenkin, save for its generous tone and its autobiographical reminiscences, as well as the recently published memoirs of his own family, and here this tale of travel, which is a kind of diary of things seen and learnt, all give the impression of having been difficult of production and of not taking on his best finish. In "The South Seas," by far the finest of the three, he doles out industriously gathered information, because he knows it should be interesting in itself and not because it is given by him. In the course of the narrative he comes very near ordinary levels sometimes, yet there are patches of exquisite description, his own and no other traveller's, and everywhere are visible his generosity, his sense of justice, his keen joy at finding a beautiful trait or a grotesque bit of character.

What a good sample of Briton was he to send to foreign lands! An adventurer who would see all he could, and dare not a little, yet one who voyaged in the strange people's souls as well, and found so much to love and admire and interest there that he had no time left for ridicule or scorn. Here he reveals his methods of winning confidence. "When I desired any detail of savage custom, or of superstitious belief, I cast back in the story of my fathers, and fished for what I wanted with some trait of equal barbarism: Michael Scott, Lord Derwentwater's head, the second-sight, the Water Kelpie—each of these I have found to be a killing bait; the black bull's head of Stirling procured me the legend of *Rahero*; and what I knew of the Cluny Macphersons, or the Appin Stewarts, enabled me to learn, and helped me to understand, about the *Tevas* of Tahiti. The native was no longer ashamed, his sense of kinship grew warmer, and his lips were opened. It is this sense of kinship that the traveller must rouse and share; or he had better content himself with travels from the blue bed to the brown. And the presence of one Cockney titterer will cause a whole party to walk in clouds of darkness."

In all his wanderings among the Marquesas, the Paumotus, and the Gilbert Islands, it was humanity he was tracking; it was character, always character, that Stevenson was in search of all through his life, and this the admirers of his pretty writing are apt to forget. If in the tale of this particular hunt his very best and lightest style may not be visible, yet his shrewdness, his sense of humour, his welcome of the fresh and strange are never lacking. He sees the mingled tragedy and comedy of life so swiftly, yet he never artificially manufactures either pathos or its grotesque contrast. In the chapter on the Marquesan view of Death, for instance, there is an account of the interest taken by living persons in the coffin that will one day contain their remains, and also a description of a strange Polynesian disease, called in Tahiti, *erimatua*, which robs the sufferer of all desire to live. "A Marquesan, dying of this discouragement—perhaps I should rather say, this acquiescence—has been known, at the fulfilment of his crowning wish, on the mere sight of that desired hermitage, his coffin, to revive, recover, shake off the hand of death, and be restored for years to his occupation—carving tikis (idols), let us say, or braiding old men's beards."

Besides folk-lore, national traits, and natural descriptions, there is, and it is the chief interest of the book, a whole gallery of remarkable portraits—chiefs, missionaries, villains, rebels, and slaves. Of these, perhaps the most interesting is Tembinok', king and sole merchant of Apemana, Aranuka, and Kuria, in the Gilbert Islands, when Stevenson visited them before their annexation by Great Britain, a man of will and intelligence, and a generally benevolent despot. Leave to settle, even for a little while, in his kingdom was not easy to procure, and the king granted it only after an embarrassing scrutiny. "As we sat at meals, he took us in series, and fixed upon each, for near a minute at a time, the same hard and thoughtful stare. . . . After two whole meal times and the odd moments of an afternoon devoted to this reconnoitring, Tembinok' took his leave in silence. Next morning the same undisguised study, the same silence, was resumed; and the second day had come to its maturity before I was informed abruptly that I had stood the ordeal. 'I look your eye. You good man. You not lie,' said the king; a doubtful compliment to a writer of romance." Tembinok' the stern ruler, the shrewd trader, the only character in his kingdom to whom he allowed prominence, this king entirely after his own fashion, was chief bard as well. "Asked what his songs were about, Tembinok' replied, 'Sweethearts and trees and the sea. Not all the same true, all the same lie.' For a condensed view of lyrical poetry (except that he seems to have forgot the stars and flowers) this would be hard to mend." But he rules no longer according to his own grotesque, yet intelligent fashion, for the Gilberts have passed to us, and Stevenson's picture of his kingdom remains the only reliable one, few other white men evidently having stood the test of the eye.

Those who know their Stevenson at all well know his pictures of dawns. "I have watched the morning break in many quarters of the world; it has been certainly one of the chief joys of my existence." There are passing pictures of dawns here that will linger in the memory. And for all the signs that a lengthy descriptive narrative, which his purpose would not let him shape and cut as he liked, was burdensome at times, wherever he has stopped to tell at his leisure of what rejoiced his eye or refreshed his mind, his readers must linger too.

A. M.

* "The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Travels and Excursions." Vol. III. In the South Seas. Edinburgh. Printed by T. A. Constable for Longmans, etc., and sold by Chatto and Windus.

## STUDIES IN JUDAISM.*

Mr. Schechter's "Studies" originally appeared in *The Jewish Quarterly* and *The Jewish Chronicle*, and contain enough of general interest to warrant their reproduction in separate form. Of the fourteen papers now reprinted some are indeed very slight, being, as Mr. Schechter says, rather "*causeries*" than "Studies." Even these, however, contain information which may not be so readily accessible elsewhere, and dealing with such topics as "The Hebrew Collection of the British Museum," "The Titles of Jewish Books," "The Child in Jewish Literature," they show us the literary and social aspects of Judaism. The remaining papers, while to some extent biographical, are essentially theological, and revolve round a characteristic of modern Judaism which is of very considerable significance, and on which the information conveyed by a trustworthy expert

* "Studies in Judaism." By S. Schechter, M.A., Reader in Talmudic in the University of Cambridge. (Adam and Charles Black.)

cannot but be welcomed. It would appear from Mr. Schechter's statements that a numerous and powerful section of the Jewish community has adopted an attitude towards Scripture and tradition very similar to that which is occupied by the Roman Catholic Church. When criticism began its work and made it evident that our ideas regarding the composition of the Old Testament must undergo considerable alteration, certain scholars attempted to shift the centre of gravity of Judaism from Scripture to tradition. Not the mere Bible, but the Bible as interpreted by tradition, claimed the place of authority. "When Revelation or the Written Word is reduced to the level of history, there is no difficulty in elevating history in its aspect of tradition to the rank of Scripture, for both have then the same human or divine origin (according to the student's predilection for the one or the other adjective) and emanate from the same authority. Tradition becomes thus the means whereby the modern divine seeks to compensate himself for the loss of the Bible, and the theological balance is, to the satisfaction of all parties, happily readjusted."

Plainly this is a remarkable outcome of the critical movement, and fraught with incalculable consequences. It may carry Judaism as far away from Mosaism as the Roman Church of to-day is from the Apostolic. Indeed, already it has been declared by this party that a return to Mosaism would be illegal, pernicious, impossible. The real authority which is to regulate doctrine and practice is neither Scripture nor primitive Judaism, but general custom. And this general custom is to find its expression in the living voice of the Jewish Church of to-day. Authority is transferred from the Bible to a living body, which by being in touch with the aspirations and needs of the time, can best interpret, modify, and apply Scripture. "This living body is not represented by any section of the nation, or any corporate priesthood, or Rabbihood, but by the collective conscience of Catholic Israel as embodied in the universal synagogue."

This certainly is a remarkable development in a religion which has commonly been identified with a fanatical attachment to the letter of Scripture, and which on the day of Atonement still utters itself in the hymn:

"Destroyed lies Zion and profaned,
Of splendour and renown bereft,
Her ancient glories wholly waned,
One deathless treasure only left;
Still ours, O Lord,
Thy Holy Word."

No doubt tradition has for 2,000 years and more held a place of honour practically on a level with Scripture, but it has always formally exalted, if it has really dethroned, the greater authority. The consequence of allowing this place to interpretations and comments is now at last explicitly announced. Mr. Schechter himself is one of those who look with justifiable suspicion on this modern school. "At times," he says, "this now fashionable exaltation of Tradition at the expense of Scripture impresses one as a sort of religious bimetallism in which bold speculators in theology try to keep up the market value of an inferior currency by denouncing loudly the bright shining gold which, they would have us believe, is less fitted to circulate in the vulgar use of daily life than the small cash of historical interpretation."

Mr. Schechter's "Studies" are of importance as exhibiting this unexpected feature of present day Judaism. The biographical notices are also interesting, and depict some of the finest types of Jewish saintliness. The volume is well-written, and much may be learned from it; every one of the Studies manifesting sympathy with all that is best in religion as well as exceptional knowledge. MARCUS DODS.

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## A FRENCH PILGRIM IN ENGLAND.*

M. de Rousiers is a trained and travelled economist of the old Liberal school. He has seen America; made various journeys to the chief centres of industry in England and Scotland; selected his point of view; thrown into a system the hundred thousand details of modern life; and come forth bearing in his hand as a key to all its problems the excessively un-French motto, "Freedom, and no interference from Government." His volume, written with enviable skill, clearness, and dexterity, would have charmed M. Taine or M. le Play, for it employs their methods and issues in their principles. It is singularly well-informed, and as interesting as a novel; more so, indeed, than some which I have seen highly praised. Has it deficiencies? I think it rather too deeply tinged with rose-colour; the impression which it conveys should be corrected or completed by turning to Mr. Charles Booth. When we talk of the "Labour Question" in Britain, we mean also the "Property Question," and even the "Poverty Question," which are all different aspects of the same thing. But M. de Rousiers has written pages that deserve attentive reading; nor could anyone touch the subject and adorn it more agreeably.

His plan, at all events, is excellent, and carried out to the end. Proposing, really, to show (for a bias appears from the beginning, whether conscious or unconscious) that the development of modern industry implies a corresponding development in the workman, M. de Rousiers starts with the old workshop and the single artisan, passes on through mines to manufactures, and arrives at the "industries of transport," in which labour is quite "despecialised," and the problem of to-day appears on the surface. But instead of taking his lesson in books, the writer pursues an inductive course, examining the facts where he can find them, one group after another, until he has seen with his eyes what a pilgrim of this new description is likely to come across. One little circumstance betrays that M. de Rousiers is French and not English—the printing at full length of names and surnames, not hitherto in the public possession, which, if they guarantee his accuracy, might still have been restricted to initials. True, he was writing in French; but the wheel has come round, and we may now read in our own tongue details, perfectly harmless but in their nature personal, that we do not, as a rule, publish to the world. A blemish, surely, and not conducive to the interests of civilisation, always, in these unlovely times, losing somewhat of its grace and reticence!

But the pictures are admirably drawn. Here is the Birmingham tool-master, whose industry may be decaying, but whose career is prosperous; he relies on himself, and not on the fortunes of his trade; character, not technical training, has brought him through, where a less sturdy and ingenious spirit would have failed. Take, again, the "miner's family in the Lothians:" we are told everything of its ways and means, with amusing side-lights on the Scottish temperament, which is one that the traveller greatly admires. We follow him to Oldham, where Messrs. Platt Brothers employ ten thousand men, and exercise over them a sort of patriarchal or beneficent dominion, but will have no Union among their hands. The scene shifts to Yorkshire and its silk-spinning mills or its woollen manufactures; then to Manchester and London. Strikes of every pattern are described,—the famous Coal War of 1893; its Scottish sequel in 1894; the dockers' campaign, and the highly instructive contest in 1891-92 between the Lancashire cotton-lords and their subjects, which ended in the setting up of permanent joint committees (call them of arbitration or conciliation), whereby the workers have recovered a little of that control over industry they had seemingly lost for ever when the factory system came in. All this, set forth in considerable detail, may be read with the greatest ease, and certainly not without instruction; although M. de Rousiers, satisfied to have drawn a moral for the men, does not examine the deeper questions of prices and demand, upon which, at length, the problem turns. Prices regulate wages; that is his first, last truth in economics; but to what extent prices are regulated by custom, and custom varies according to the view we take of life as a whole, is slightly, if at all, brought under our notice. Everywhere the conclusion offered us points in one direction—a man who cannot turn his hand to the newest thing in demand will suffer; he must be alert, flexible, inventive; in other words, the English type prevails where the French goes down, and the American will beat either. Industry, like trade and commerce, has become in the highest degree variable; the workman too must vary or he will perish. Let him com-

* "The Labour Question in Britain." By Paul de Rousiers. Translated from the French by Mrs. A. J. Herbertson, B.A. (London and New York: Macmillan and Co.)

bine, organise, educate, and not ask for protection. The artisan of to-morrow will depend more and more on his brain, his character, and his courage. He must be ready to emigrate, and the wonderful acquaintance which Britons seems to possess with every part of their Empire, with America and the Far East, leads M. de Rousiers to admonish his countrymen of the many things wanting to them if they would hold their own in a universe given up to competition. M. de Tourville, whose preface adds less to the volume than it might, declares in round terms that "in France the education of all classes is radically and appallingly wrong." Some among us who love and admire the French have long been disposed to think with M. de Tourville. But the English training still falls short of perfection; and to be flattered in our vices may not be expedient for us. Independence, self-help, hardihood, and a healthy dislike of being managed, even by elected persons, are excellent qualities. Yet M. de Rousiers approves of the Factory Acts; and we need only suggest how great an evil that was which the process of the law has stamped out to indicate a line of reasoning, sound and inductive, the last word of which is, we will grant, economic freedom, but freedom according to law and by Act of Parliament.

WILLIAM BARRY.

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## TRAVEL AND SPORT.*

Each of the three books before us has at least one or two things in common, the revolt against sleek comfortable ways, the defiance of danger, the indomitable pluck which in Englishmen is never seen in so fine a condition as when they are pushing where no man has been before, or when they have gone out to kill something. Mr. FitzGerald's book is the record of a really historic journey, during which he made five ascents of previously unscaled peaks of the New Zealand Alps and discovered the Pass across the Range which is now known by his name. This Pass will doubtless become before long a tourist route, and travellers who in some years time may go with safety through the Southern Lakes up to the glacier region and Mount Cook, explore the Tasman and Hooker glaciers, and travel through the new Pass by the western slopes of the Alps to the west coast, will bless Mr. FitzGerald and his good friend, and ours by this time, Zurbriggen—for in how many travel books of late years have we not met and admired that admirable guide!

The peaks scaled were Sealy, Silberhorn, Tasman, Haidinger, and Sefton. Both men seem to have been greedy of danger and fatigue, and they had their fill of them, one of the great foes to their progress and success being the fiendish caprice of the weather at these heights in New Zealand. It is not easy to choose for quotation between the many examples of hairbreadth escapes and of indomitable pluck, all very coolly narrated, however; but what climbing means in these pathless heights can perhaps hardly be better suggested than by this passage from the chapter on the Sefton expedition.

"Suddenly, as I was coming up a steepish bit, while Zurbriggen waited for me a little way above, a large boulder that I touched with my right hand gave way with a great crash and fell, striking my chest. I had been just on the point of passing up the two ice-axes to Zurbriggen, that he might place them in a cleft of rock a little higher up, and thus leave me both hands free for my climb. He was in the act of stooping and stretching out his arm to take them from my uplifted left hand, the slack rope between us lying coiled at his feet. The falling boulder hurled me down head foremost, and I fell about eight feet, turning a complete somersault in the air. Suddenly I felt the rope jerk, and I struck against the side of the mountain with great force. I feared I should be stunned and drop the two ice-axes, and I knew that on these our lives depended. Without them we should never have succeeded in getting down the glacier through all the intricate ice-fall.

"After the rope had jerked me up I felt it again slip and give way, and I came down slowly for a couple of yards. I took this to mean that Zurbriggen was being wrenched from his foothold. I was just contemplating how I should feel dashing down the 6,000 feet below, and wondering vaguely how many times I should strike the rocks on the way. I saw the very block that I had dislodged going down in huge bounds; it struck the side three or four times, and then, taking an enormous plunge of about 2,000 feet, embedded itself in the Tuckett glacier.

"I felt the rope stop and pull me up short. . . . I was now swinging in the air like a pendulum, with my back to the mountain, scarcely touching the rock face."

Zurbriggen was very badly placed at the time, but by means of a kick at the rocks, FitzGerald managed to turn round and grasp a rocky ledge, and so ease the strain on the rope. A little more perilous scrambling in silence, and the bad bit was got over—after which they had time to think they had actually been in danger!

Mr. FitzGerald's simple modest narrative is so clear that one follows the struggling wanderings of the two with far

From "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps."

more ease than the tales of most travellers. From beginning to end—at least from their arrival at the Hermitage—it is of breathless excitement, and the leisurely members of the Alpine Club will follow fast now they know such good sport is to be had in these regions. But it is no mere sensational story-book. Sir Martin Conway's and Professor Bonney's additional chapters, as well as Mr. FitzGerald's own statements of what the difficulties actually were, make its study indispensable to all who would essay a task of anything like the same magnitude. The fine map, too, prepared by Messrs. Stanford from the latest Government survey with Mr. FitzGerald's additions, should be gratefully mentioned. The book has been produced in the handsomest fashion, with numerous illustrations by well-known artists, the whole a worthy commemoration of one of the most important climbs of recent years.

Mr. Eckenstein's work reminds us, at least, of Sir W. M. Conway's delightful "Climbing and Exploration in the

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* "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps." Being an account of travel and discovery. By E. A. FitzGerald, F.R.G.S. With contributions by Sir Martin Conway, Professor T. G. Bonney, and C. L. Barrow. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell, H. G. Willink, and A. D. McCormick. With a new map. (Unwin.)

"The Karakorams and Kashmir." An account of a journey. By Oscar Eckenstein. (Unwin.)

"Sport in the Alps." In the past and present. By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. Illustrated. 21s. (A. and C. Black.)

Karakoram-Himalayas," and of Mr. A. D. McCormick's "An Artist in the Himalayas." Mr. Eckenstein set out with the expedition that was the subject of these two well-known books, and continued with it for a considerable time. (Zurbriggen, too, was of the party.) His narrative is made out of letters written home and extracts from his diary, both as little altered as possible, because he wished to make "An unsophisticated statement of actual impressions as they occurred." Without "cooking" his letters and diaries unfairly, he might have taken a little more pains to be attractive, for the narrative is very tame and dry, and the style slangy. Were it not for his occasional jaunty jocular air, which keeps readers in a good humour, we doubt if they would persevere with the tale, spoiled as they have been by previous more picturesque accounts. But perhaps the real fault is the absence of a map, which a travel-book, treating of no matter how familiar a region, cannot dispense with.

In Mr. Baillie-Grohman we have no discoverer, no man of science; but as the adventurer, the camper-out, the patient watcher of nature, he proves himself to be made of the same stuff as the others. He is a born sportsman; the instinct to "kill something" is knit in with every fibre; the laws of sportsman honour are a religion to him. A high Tory, he seems to measure the evil effect of democracy by its malevolent effect on preserves, but we do not feel inclined to quarrel with any opinion of a man who can write so entertainingly, who is so passionate a lover of wild nature, so sturdy and hardy a mountaineer. Mr. Baillie-Grohman refers almost apologetically to the chapter describing his early years among the Austrian Alps, but we are sure, few readers would willingly miss the experiences of a boy sportsman playing lake-dweller on a shaky raft, and chamois-poacher alone in the forest at an age when most children are tied to their governesses' apron strings. It explains how he has had time enough not only to be a first-rate sportsman, at home wherever the chamois, the red-deer, and the capercaillie are to be found, but also to be so learned in the history of sport. He is no mere fine-weather sportsman, nor does he keep to the beaten track, and one of his most entrancing chapters is that on "Chamois Stalking in Winter." 'Some years ago,' he says, 'while resting on the top of a minor pass leading from Tyrol into Switzerland, I overheard some rapturous remarks made by an uncomfortably warm-looking tourist, as he surveyed the somewhat summer-stained and patchy remains of the previous winter's snow, which occupied the northern slope of an impending height. A good-natured smile puckered up the weather-seamed face of a peasant standing at the tourist's side. "All you folks who come here from the great cities to look at the mountains and to gape at the heel-tap of last winter's snow say the same thing," quoth the peasant. "Why don't you come here in winter when all the slopes are one glistening snowfield, when the sky is blue, the air is sharp, and it makes your blood feel young again, when the sun shines brighter than it ever does in summer?" "What, come here in winter? Why, nobody thinks of doing *that*."' Then the peasant made impolite comparisons between the tourists and a flock of sheep crossing a pasture, "pushing and shouldering each other, each appearing eager to crowd into the narrow path, though on either side lay the open meadow." Of course, one cannot always get sport in Switzerland during the winter, rainy weather often filling up the time till the expiration of the open season for chamois in December. But sometimes the chance comes, and Mr. Baillie-Grohman was on the look out for it. Deer-stalking in the Highlands, in Hungary, chamois-driving in the North Tyrolese Alps, the chase of the rare bouquetin in Italy, are the subjects of perhaps the best chapters, though an excellent idea of German sport can be got from the reminiscences of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, that Herculean lover of the chase. It may be also mentioned in passing that keepers of natural history collections will find Mr. Baillie-Grohman's book of much use to them, if only for the warnings it provides against manufactured specimens, chamois horns mounted on a sheep's skull and other similar swindles, being not at all uncommon.

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## THE WASHER OF THE FORD.*

The Scottish Highlander was never a complete convert to the Christian faith. Not that he had doubts after accepting it. Unlike his Lowland neighbour he has always been little of a theologian. He is not given to forming little sects. The wide fold of the Catholic church has been good enough for him, or, if not that, then, in later days, strong undiluted Calvinism. The narrative of the Christian story; the mysteries of the faith as distinguished from nice doctrinal subtleties; and the ritual of the Church have always appealed to him strongly from the first. Even Christian morality made its way with peculiar ease among the wild people in certain directions in compensation for its total want of success in others. But Christianity never uprooted the older faiths, had to settle down, in fact, side by side with them in the Highland mind, intermingling constantly, and with such confusion that only the priest, and maybe not even he, could disentangle the real thing. This is a truth constantly met with in all Celtic saint lore, in Highland folk-lore, and in the Highland mind to-day, when you reach it. It is the truth which Miss Fiona Macleod has illustrated by her "legendary moralities." These are neither Pagan nor Christian; they are both, though more one than the other, and recognised maybe as both by the early imagination in which they grew. As she says, "The Washer of the Ford might well have appeared, to a single generation, now as a terrible and sombre pagan goddess of death, now as a symbolic figure in the new faith, foreshadowing spiritual salvation and the mystery of resurrection." Quite apart from the beauty of the legends, they are thus highly-instructive as examples of the double working of the human mind.

Almost any of the stories here would illustrate this, but "Muime Chriosd" does it as well as any. The name signifies the foster mother of Christ, and was given to St. Bridget, of whom there are many legends, and bits of legends, in Scotland and Ireland. Possibly they will never be more faithfully told—the faithfulness touching the grotesque as well as the poetical side—than in Miss Macleod's version. Bridget passed a mysteriously holy girlhood in Iona, in the Druid days, before the coming of St. Colum. On a certain day she wandered far, and came to where the heather was evermore withered and parched, till it passed into reaches of desert sand with palm-trees. Then a voice reached her ear as out of a sleep, that of her father Dùvach talking in the good Gaelic of the drought and the sufferings of man and beast round the village of Bethlehem. He tells her he must set off from their home at the inn and journey to the quenchless well on the Mount of Olives. Meanwhile she must give away no drop of water nor accommodate anyone in his absence. But when days had passed there came to the inn a tired man, and a woman soon to become a mother, riding on an ass, Joseph, a carpenter in Arimathea, and Mary his wife. They, too, spoke the sweet Gaelic of the Isles. And Bridget saw something in the woman's face that made her give them all the little water and ale left in the house, and because they were weary she lodged them in the stable. Dùvach comes back, and full of curiosity about his guests, goes to the stable which is like "a shell filled with the fires of sunrise." Pushing open the door they see Mary with the Babe upon her knee. Then Bridget took Him in her arms, covering Him with her mantle. So is she known as St. Bride of the Mantle. She nursed Him all through the night, and so, too, she is known as Muime Chriosd, the foster-mother of Christ. When she woke the holy company were gone. But the power of miracle was on her; she did wonderful things. Going out of the city she followed in the moonlight the footprints of a woman and child. All night she walked, never weary, yet never seeing any figures, though the steps were newly made. At last they stopped, and she saw the lights of Jerusalem. But the wind stirring among the olives smelt of heather, and rustled in the bracken. The lights of the holy city faded. She was on Dun-I, "Iona lay green and gold, isled in her blue waters. From the sheiling of Duvach, her father, rose a thin column of pale blue smoke." But this rough version cannot give a fair idea of one of the most mysteriously beautiful and bold

* "The Washer of the Ford: And other Legendary Moralities." By Fiona Macleod. (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.)

renderings of the Christian story as conceived by a people who, after their dreamy fashion, mingled the Mount of Olives with their own familiar hills and with the hills of Heaven.

The "Annir-Choille" on the other hand, is frankly Pagan, a story of reaction against the Christian spirit of renunciation. With passages of striking beauty, it is, nevertheless, in form, at least, far less convincing. I feel sure, with the assurance of ignorance, that it has not the accent of its time. True to the general spirit of revolt it may be, against a faith that despises the body's needs and joys, but the telling is after the fashion of the Pagans of this decade, now just a trifle exaggerated, and again finely Swinburnian as in Cathal's song,

"For I see this thing, that the old gods are the gods that die not;
All else is a seeming, a dream, a madness, a tide ever ebbing."

I wish I had room to speak at length of other things in the book, of that wild tale of alternate madness, and terror, and exquisite peace, in which the whole of death is portrayed, "The Washer of the Ford," of The Shadow Seers (especially that one called "The Smoothing of the Hand"), and of the passage in "The Fisher of Men," which speaks of the signs of change that the soul knows before the coming of death, though pain have not spoken.

This book so far surpasses Miss Macleod's earlier efforts that any uncertainty one might have had about the best direction of her great talents, is gone entirely. Its superiority, I feel sure, lies in the fact that here she is in the region of pure poetry. Her former books dealt more with the drama of common life, and I doubt if she realises how the people fed on such imaginative and spiritual food as makes the substance of her legends, would act and speak in the stress of living. There was a sweetness that cloyed in most of the earlier stories. But here, where it is the spirit and the dreams of the Highlanders more than their outward life that are her themes, she is on ground where few could come near her. She knows her way about, and with her certainty has come an enormous increase of artistic power.

A. M.

## JOHN KNOX.*

The writer of this excellent little book does not profess to have indulged in original research in its preparation, nor does he claim to bring forth new facts concerning its subject. He has, however, made a careful study of the previous biographies of Knox, and, above all, of the Reformer's own works. With the very limited space at his disposal, Mr. Taylor Innes has wisely refrained from attempting to produce a regular biography. He has preferred to deal with the great outstanding periods of Knox's life and with the vital traits of his character. He has, in short, tried to produce a vivid impression of the man as he appeared to his contemporaries and as he was in his heart; and he has been wonderfully successful. The task was not a simple one. The outer life is difficult to deal with in such brief compass because of the very plethora of material; and the inner life can only be caught by the student whose insight is at once Christian and sympathetic.

While Mr. Innes admires Knox for his zeal, his foresight, his courage, and his constancy, he does not commend his intolerance. He holds, indeed, that his greatest defect was his total inability or absolute refusal to put himself in the position of his Popish antagonists—a position which he had for so many years occupied himself. "This one-sided incapacity for sympathy," he thinks, "must certainly be connected with his one-sided reticence as to the earlier half of his own autobiography." Perhaps it must; and yet he was not disposed to judge those too harshly who had never heard the Evangel. "In tyme of darkness, what could we do but grop and go wrang evin as darkness caryed us?" he once asked his Popish sovereign. Knox's difficulty was not so much an inability to suppose that there were sincere Papists, as an inability to believe that they could continue to be so after hearing that word which to him was as clear as it was authoritative. And this difficulty was no doubt increased by what he knew of the character of too many of the "perverse Papists" of his period, from the Scottish Primate downwards.

Knox's intolerance might be justified on the score of necessity—the danger that the adherents of the old faith might again get the upper hand—but that was not the ground on which he chose to base it. To him, the mass was idolatry, and idolaters ought to die the death. His position, untenable though it was, may be palliated on two grounds. Toleration was not understood in that century as it is in this, and human life was not valued then as now. Few of Knox's contemporaries were so enlightened as Sir Thomas Smith, who remonstrated against the English penal laws as harsh and futile. That was not the way, he said, to advance Protestantism; and the hardest penalty inflicted on Papists, he playfully suggested, should be to confine them in Italy, "and there let them live by sucking the Pope's teats." It is not yet so very long since, in this country, petty theft was punishable by death.

Mr. Innes' observations on Knox's correspondence with his mother-in-law are practical, as well as shrewd and suggestive. If in hot debate and vehement declamation he was utterly unable to put himself in the place of a stubborn opponent, he was totally different when he came to deal with tempted and troubled souls. "Knox puts himself, first of all," says Mr. Innes, "in the place of those whom he would either advise or console." "The fragments of his correspondence"—according to this candid and critical admirer—"are conclusive on some things and instructive on others. They are conclusive as to the existence—under that breastplate of hammered iron with which Knox confronted all outward opposition—of a private and personal life, a life inward, secret, and deep, and a life also rich, tender, and eminently sympathetic. They are conclusive also, I think, of this inner life being the source and spring of the life without, instead of being merely derived from it."

It is hardly derogatory to say of a work dealing with such a thorny and difficult period, that, in its presentment of fact, the specialist may detect a few flaws here and there. These may be readily forgiven—even by those who do not share the author's ecclesiastical standpoint—because of their comparatively trifling nature, and also because of the genuine pleasure afforded by the masterly delineation of those stirring times in Scotland and of that famous Scot who helped so much to shape them.

D. HAY FLEMING.

*"John Knox." By A. Taylor Innes. Famous Scots Series. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

## GEORGE FOX.*

This is a carefully written and impartial biography of the very remarkable man to whom the Quakers or Society of Friends owe their existence. It describes very clearly the conditions of society and the sharply defined partisanships, social, political, and religious, which marked the time of the struggle between the King and the Parliament, the Revolution, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration of the Stuarts. The varied events of Fox's extraordinary life are brightly and concisely described. Fox was the son of pious parents in a humble condition of life living at Fenny Drayton in Leicestershire. They conformed to the worship of the National Church, "while sympathising with what was beginning to be known as Puritanism." George Fox was born in July, 1624. At the early age of nineteen years he commenced his life-long religious mission. He "broke off his intercourse with his family as completely as if he had turned a monk." We then follow him through evil report and good report, witness him fined and frequently imprisoned for conscience sake, and read many sad though interesting descriptions of prison life, which reveal the terrible conditions of the jails and prisons into which this stern and inflexible preacher and his followers were often thrust, and detained in the company of criminals of the worst character of both sexes. Mr. Hodgkin thus remarks upon one period: "It was probably on account of the attitude of the Independent clergy that Cromwell, though himself earnest for toleration, permitted the persecution of the Quakers to be carried on so fiercely that about 3,000 of their number were imprisoned on one pretence or another

* "The Life of George Fox." By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. Leaders of Religion Series. (Methuen and Co.)

between 1648 and 1660, and that thirty-two actually died in prison in the time of the Commonwealth, and of Oliver and Richard the Protectors." This terrible persecution and its attendant incarcerations induced the Quakers to alleviate the sufferings of their friends, and accounts for their philanthropic efforts in later times to improve the conditions of our prisons generally. "It was a saintly woman (Mrs. Fry), the daughter of a Quaker family, who first carried the torch of Christian civilization into the hellish darkness of Newgate." One of the most interesting and original chapters is that entitled "Swarthmoor Hall." In this we are introduced to the life and surroundings of a county family in the north country near Furness in Lancashire. In the house of Judge Fell, George Fox found a sincere and sympathetic friend. Mrs. Fell and all her family adopted the opinions of the preacher, apparently with the consent of the judge, though he never became a Quaker. Swarthmoor Hall was through Mrs. Fell's influence opened for Fox's religious services, until a meeting-house was erected. Years afterwards, in 1669, when Mrs. Fell had become a widow, she was married to George Fox with the entire approval of her family, who regarded their father-in-law with great affection. George Fox died in London in 1691, and "was buried in the Friends' burial-ground near Bunhill Fields," leaving no child to mourn his loss or bear his name to future generations.

The book is throughout very well written, and the reader will find more information upon the state of England during the middle of the seventeenth century within its 280 pages than in many large and elaborate historical works. The comparisons in the concluding paragraphs are perhaps not felicitous. J. P.

## NOVEL NOTES.

SIREN VOICES. By J. P. Jacobsen. Translated from the Danish by Ethel F. L. Robertson. International Library. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann)

"Although he wrote so little," says Mr. Gosse of Jacobsen in the preface, "he passed at once into immortality, and is, alone of his generation, already one of the classics of his native country." We accept the statement respectfully, seeing that it is supported by this really remarkable book. Few of us are in a position to do more, or less, since with our ignorance of the Danish language we cannot know what constitutes a Danish classic, nor savour all the subtlety of this writer. Yet the translation reads admirably. Jacobsen's life was a short and suffering one, which began in 1847 and ended in 1885. He translated Darwin for his countrymen, and was an enthusiastic botanist, but evidently by nature, first and last, a poet. Besides short tales and studies he published two novels, "Marie Grubbe" and "Niels Lyhne," the latter of which, under its English title, is the subject of our notice. "Niels Lyhne" is a melancholy story, and some may think its purpose is melancholy too. The subject is, according to Jacobsen himself, "foolish freethinkers," by which he meant those who had once deliberately given up Christianity, yet "who can't manage to get through life without, every now and then appealing to heaven for help." After reading it we can only agree that this is one of the subjects of a book which is mainly the study of the growth and career of a poet, who is either always too racked with keen emotions of joy and sorrow, or too placidly happy to fulfil to the world his early promise. When the late-found placidity breaks, and his hearth is desolate, he flies to the sword rather than the pen for relief, dying of a bullet in an agony that he would fain have solaced by crying on a God. Four women bring keen emotions into his life, and there is a strongly sensuous atmosphere running through the story. But it is not the story, nor the motive of it, nor the passion in it, a little unreal, we think, that strikes us as giving the book its best value. It is rather the strong under-current of intellectual life it reveals from time to time. On the surface and in pattern it is alternately charming, and weak, and exaggerated, even sometimes absurd. But the main material is good, woven out of close thought and of living experience. And one of the most interesting points is its almost bitter impartiality—for it is written by a poet, whose constantly recurring thought is, nevertheless, "that even the fairest dreams, even the deepest longings, add not a single inch to the stature of the human soul."

FELLOW TRAVELLERS. By Graham Travers. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Miss Graham Travers' imagination works readily on those chance meetings of strangers that are sometimes—and if the world were well-ordered, would always be—the first chapters of wonderful romances. Her strangers, meeting first on holiday or on business journeys, have a way of coming across each other again at important moments, for she does not despise the art of making downright satisfactory stories. Three of them are excellent, "The Examiner's Conscience," "A Great Gulf," and "The Knight and the Lady," though why, in the last of these, she would not let Sandy grow up and buy his horse, and maybe even keep the "little lady" to her word, we cannot understand. Doctors are morally, or at least, professionally, bound to keep their patients alive as long as possible; and why should they be let off this obligation when they turn novelists? But we have no serious complaint, for this writer is the reverse of morbid. In each story there appear at least one or two personages, healthy, sensible, kindly, and with sympathies stretching far beyond the limits of their opinions.

HEARTS DO NOT BREAK. By Charles G. Harper. (Kegan Paul.)

There is a great deal of ability wasted in this story of London literary life under present conditions. For ability is always wasted when those it attacks and those it warns can rise up and say, "Come now, you are clearly in a temper, and cannot possibly be fair." Worse than that, there is a waste of much right-thinking and justifiable indignation, for what the writer reasonably thinks ill of he morbidly exaggerates, constantly attributing the blackest of motives and meanings to conduct and to movements that are only very crude or very silly. The story is of a lad with a thin vein of poetical feeling in him, who left his country home to make a literary career in London, who was flattered and pushed on by a mutual advertising coterie, till he actually became a very important personage, and the hero of a notorious and not very poetic love drama. The whirligig of time turns him out on the wrong side of luck, and he seeks refuge at the old country farm and with his old sweetheart. It is not, as Mr. Harper tells it, literally possible. No literary coterie is quite so powerful. But it contains enough truth to be a wholesome warning. If he chooses his company skilfully, there is no reason why a young fool in London to-day should not live for some years in the delightful belief that he is a genius. But the story is full of ill-tempered strictures, and that it is more or less a *roman à clef* likely to cause useless pain rather than effect salutary discipline, diminishes its worth as a satire.

SHAM GOLD. A Picture of Hungarian Life. By Stéphanie Wohl. Translated by S. L. Simeon. (Ward and Downey.)

Professor Vambéry assures English readers of this novel by the late Stéphanie Wohl that it is a faithful picture of society life in Hungary. We can well believe it. It is a book of convincing power, ably planned, and peopled by characters that live and move us to real interest. Its defects are the defects of its class, for it belongs to the order of minutely descriptive fiction. For English readers, at least, it seems over-detailed, inasmuch as the details are often unfamiliar. But society in Buda-Pesth and in the Hungarian circles in Vienna is not quite like society in Paris and London. The "happy combination of Eastern fancy and Western culture" Professor Vambéry speaks of as existing in Hungary, is visible to some extent even in sophisticated circles; and society is still picturesque and romantic in the capital. The story is the work of a very intellectual writer, a profound student of character, one whose natural sympathies are evidently with the reasonable, the honest, and the deep natures. Nevertheless, in telling the story of Szelényi, the brilliant politician, ruined by his passion for the beautiful and worthless Lisa, she is both pitiful and understanding.

LE ROMAN DU PRINCE OTHON. Traduit de l'Anglais par Egerton Castle. 7s. 6d. (Lane.)

A gentleman's private literary experiment has strayed into print, and we are allowed within the boundaries of the

private circulation. This must be our feeling when we see homage to Stevenson's memory and genius take this shape. A comparison of certain passages with the original convinces us that the work has been done with great conscientiousness and much subtlety. Probably no living Englishman could have done it better, if as well. To Mr. Castle it was doubtless as serious a task as any of the able works he has written in his own tongue; to Stevenson this version, "dans une langue que lui-même il aimait, admirait, et connaissait si bien," is a delicate compliment, but it is all the same the kind of literary recreation which concerns the writer most of all. One can understand the attraction of the work. The charm of the style, as well as its elaborate and uneasy search after perfection, must have meant difficulties hard but fascinating to overcome. And then Mr. Castle relates the interesting circumstance that it was "à l'ombre d'une de ces anciennes *Residenzen* d'Allemagne, autrefois palais de petit prince régnant, mais ne conservant plus rien de princier que la physiognomie de ses façades genre *rocaille*. . . . que pendant quelques semaines de printemps, passées dans ce milieu ancien régime qui eût fort bien pu, au temps de sa prospérité, être la capital d'Othon lui-même, que je m'amusai à traduire l'histoire charmante que Stevenson avait placée dans un cadre semblable." Mr. Castle is of those that think "Prince Otto" Stevenson's masterpiece, and calls this being a true Stevensonian. This seems to us merely an example of the common error of confounding a man's manner with his nature, and, to quote Buffon's well-known dictum is no answer, but only an invitation to an endless controversy.

HONOR ORMTHWAITE. By the Author of "Lady Jean's Vagaries." (Bentley.)

Lady Ormthwaite's past dogs her. The past consists of her poor relations, the memory of her former husband, whom she had abandoned, and who died after a long career of dissipation at the age of twenty-one, and a child whom she had entrusted to a cousin to bring up while she went to the service which gave her her chance of becoming a lady of wealth and title. By the time Sir Gregory asks her to be his wife both the former husband and the child have died, so she is free to learn the duties of her new position, which she does by aid of an unusual intellect, gaining a great reputation among serious people for her knowledge of and judgments on public questions. The metamorphosis takes the reader by surprise. The cousin turns up years after, and confesses the child is not dead after all, that she has grown into a handy girl who could "toast a rasher, and mix 'enry's glass of gin-and-water, and fill his pipe, and spend her arf-penny so as to get a pennyworth for it, like any owd woman." Welcome news to the great lady. She bribes the cousin to keep the girl, whose existence she hides from the baronet. But conscience at a critical moment of her life calls to her to send for her daughter, who is introduced into the house as a dependent. A frivolous, over-dressed, light-headed, but not bad-hearted little minx she turns out to be, much resembling her father's family. Another critical moment arrives, and my lady confesses the whole matter to her husband, who is very terrible in his wrath. Then, when we have really been wound up to some excitement over the difficult situation, the story-teller cuts the thread of interest by proving that, after all, the girl is only the late humble and dissipated husband's niece, imported from the workhouse by the cousin for the sake of the maintenance money of Lady Ormthwaite. The writer has ingenuity at least, and, feeling it to be her strongest point, she does not spare the supply of it.

TALES OF OUR COAST. By S. R. Crockett, Harold Frederic, Gilbert Parker, W. Clark Russell, and Q. (Chatto.)

The popular names of the authors of the five stories collected here are enough recommendation. And they are strong specimens of their authors' powers. Q's "Roll-Call of the Reef," printed before in "Wandering Heath," will be already widely familiar, and the others have probably been gathered from scattered periodicals. The editor must be one who knows what a good sea-story means. Even a sea-side holiday may seem romantic in the company of "Tales of our Coasts."

THE ROBE OF LUCIFER. By F. M. White. 6s. (Innes.)

The ingenuity, the inventiveness, the many lively qualities in Mr. White's book, are bound to fail of their usual result, which is amusement, devoted as they are to the service of the central idea in the story, a more than usually terrible one. Greenstrand, a *blasé* young millionaire, has come hastily to the conclusion that all men, and women too, are frauds, that virtue does not exist when temptation comes in the way. He offers to prove it, and the challenge is accepted. A fiend in human form, with Death for his name, is appointed agent of the scheme, is given *carte blanche* as to money and methods, and sets about tempting the great and the small who have reputations for honour and good living. The main part of the book consists in the separate tales of his successes, with their resulting ruin and misery and havoc. But he is resisted sometimes, and one of his failures causes the death of the woman whom his master had learned to love passionately. Greenstrand's punishment converts him to a better view of mankind. The moral, of course, is all right, but we confess that we do not like such a systematic exposure of human weakness. Only a poet or other great reader of the human heart might touch the theme fitly. But Mr. White is an able writer and a clever inventor of incident.

THE WOOING OF FORTUNE. By Henry Cresswell. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Cresswell has applied the ever-popular ways and methods of the detective story to enliven a modern society drama. The result is a great success. The puzzling plot is well sustained, for though the connection between the guileless Brixton doctor and the heroine, otherwise the arch-fiend of the story, is soon visible, the plot does not depend merely on one mystery, and the general entanglement is a very pretty one. The elegant young Pelham has real detective talents, though he never discovered these till he lost sight of the lady to whom he was devoted, and swore never to rest till he had frustrated the plot that kept her from him. The relations between Mrs. Beaumont and her parents are a terribly painful element in the story, which otherwise is so entertaining. Perhaps Mr. Cresswell might have humoured us a little, especially in a novel which is of the artificial order, by giving the angelically foolish doctor something of a good time before killing him off.

MRS. MARTIN'S COMPANY AND OTHER STORIES. By Jane Barlow. Iris Series. (Dent.)

In nearly all her lighter work Miss Barlow firmly shuts her eyes to the really ugly in life. Poverty is the almost constant background of her dramas, but she uses it to show the brightness of some alleviation, and the inventiveness of the human mind which, in the most distressful circumstances, always seeks happiness, and often, she thinks, finds a fair amount of joy. If you cannot, or will not, tell the whole tale of human life, this is a very wholesome portion to select. Here in these stories of Irish life Miss Barlow shows the tender humour, the sweetness, and the interest in her kind that we have grown to associate particularly with her name. "A Lost Recruit," "After Seven Years," where she does permit herself to be frankly sad, and "A Very Light Railway," one of her delightfully sympathetic tales of children, stand out even among her admirable work, and show a growing faculty of conciseness and an increasing lightness of touch.

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE POEMS OF JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU. Edited by A. P. Graves. With portrait. 3s. 6d. (Downey.)

Mr. Graves is eloquent about the merits of certain anonymous poems found in old volumes of the *Dublin University Magazine*, which he has discovered to be Le Fanu's. One of them, "The Legend of the Glaive," is a fine rendering of the Gaelic legend of the beautiful and cruel Fionula, who sent her lover to certain death to satisfy a vain caprice, and of the penitential wanderings of her spirit which have never ceased. This find is worth much gratitude. The Venetian drama of "Beatrice," on the other

hand, is wearisome and lyrically unskilful, and the spirited ballad of "Shamus O'Brien" remains still our favourite among Le Fanu's verse. Mr. Graves has written a sympathetic and interesting notice of the poet. But, if we except the ballad already mentioned, we have found the best of the book in the appendix, which contains, among other things, extracts from Le Fanu's paper on Hibernian Ballads. There is mention in these of a certain Michael Finley, a noted Irish song-maker, who had a great aversion to pen, ink, and paper. "I recollect," says Le Fanu, "upon one occasion his detecting me in the very act of following his recitation with my pencil, and I shall not soon forget his indignant scowl, as stopping abruptly in the midst of a line, he sharply exclaimed:—

"'Is my *pome* a pigsty, or what, that you want a surveyor's ground plan of it?'"

IDYLLISTS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE: Being Six Commentaries concerning some of those who have Apostrophized the Joys of the Open Air. By George H. Ellwanger. 5s. net. (Bell.)

Inside the pretty covers of this book there is much pleasant reading for a summer day. The sympathetic talk about Walton, Gilbert White, and the others, by one who has not only read their books, but has crossed the Atlantic to tread with reverent pilgrim steps in the paths the English idyllists trod, will be found charming company. Mr. Ellwanger brings the heartiest appreciation to the study of their work. In his six chapters—"The Wand of Walton," "Gilbert White's Pastoral," "The Landscape of Thomas Hardy," "Afield with Jefferies," "The Sphere of Thoreau," "A Ramble with Burroughs"—he appears always as the disciple; rarely, though now and again in the Thoreau paper, as the useful and interesting critic. But that, too, is best for a summer day, for if he send us out with "The Compleat Angler" and "Walden" and "The Return of the Native," he has done more than if he kept us within, arguing with grudging precision, say, on the right of Jefferies to so high a meed of praise.

WAYSIDE AND WOODLAND BLOSSOMS. Second Series. By Edward Step. 7s. 6d. (Warne.)

When the first part of Mr. Step's "Pocket Guide to British Wild Flowers for the Country Rambler" appeared, a year or two ago, the only shortcoming the average rambler could reasonably find with it was its incompleteness. This second part fills so many of the gaps that that inconvenience practically disappears, and we have no hesitation in saying that after a more or less discontented examination of popular books of the kind, Mr. Step's seems to us by far the best. The points which an excellent handbook of this order should have are (1) the smallest quantity of scientific information possible which may enable us to class each flower with its kind, and that accurate; (2) clear, verbal description, (3) good coloured prints for purposes of identification; (4) some facts respecting origin and locality, (5) a record of common and local names, and (6) some account of medicinal and legendary lore. As a rule, the compilers of such books have either been aridly full of facts or have had nothing to give us save poetical and moral reflections. Mr. Step fulfils our first three requirements admirably; the fourth, which is difficult, is not neglected, nor are the others, always having regard to the space at his disposal. We therefore chime heartily in with the preface, "that many ramblers who carry the First Series in their right-hand jacket-pocket will be glad to have a volume of similar size and purpose to put in the left-hand pocket, and so preserve the equilibrium."

NAPOLEON. By T. P. O'Connor. (Chapman.)

Mr. O'Connor is a prince of compilers. On more than one occasion he has shown how, with a minimum of trouble to himself, he can provide excellent entertainment for his readers. The book before us is a collection of what he calls essays, but which are really reviews, the critical part being of the slightest and the extracts most copious, of some of the best-known of the many works published in recent years where Napoleon prominently appears as hero or villain—Taine's Modern Régime, de Méneval's, Pasquier's, Lavalette's, de Marbot's, and Barras' Memoirs. Mr. O'Connor says he hesitated whether he should "present to the reader a final estimate and a finished picture," but determined to throw the burden of judgment on others. It was a great saving of trouble, and the result is probably very much more valuable. For though nothing is easier for an intelligent man than this kind of book-making, which could be done by sending marked volumes to the printers and writing a few introductory and interpolatory remarks in the margins of the proofs, yet no praise is too high for the quality of the selections. Mr. O'Connor's eye is quick to see the salient, the picturesque, and the essential, and his book is a storehouse of the very best of what students and soldiers and politicians have said about the astonishing and now, by dint of over-much interpretation, nearly mythical personage.

FROM CAIRO TO THE SOUDAN FRONTIER. By H. D. Traill. 5s. (Lane.)

Mr. Traill has begun a delightful book of Nile travel in a style that set us sadly wondering, till chance opened the leaves at the note following the narrative, where we read that the contents first appeared serially in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph*. There was space to be covered, we must suppose, before there was matter of absorbing interest to be related. Hence the terrible ponderosity of the first chapter, "Life at Sea," and the too numerous examples of this kind of thing—"A new day will have come to the birth before we arrive, so much is certain; but the age which the new-born babe will have attained on our arrival cannot be precisely fixed. It may be a miserable, purblind, chilly infant of two or three, or a stouter, healthier brat of five, or, best of all, a rosy, sun-warmed child of eight." That is good enough to cover space in a newspaper, maybe, but readers of a book soon resent it. They have not often to put up with it, however, after Mr. Traill has got a little acclimatised in Egypt; and though what he describes, Cairo streets, Karnak temples, the Sphinx, dancing dervishes, cataract-shooting, the glory and the mystery of the sunsets on the Nile, and the more intelligible part of Egyptology, we all know already from books, he speaks of them so freshly and independently that one can but listen and be charmed. Mr. Traill was one of a party who were among the last of the English tourists to visit Wady Halfa before the late advance. There is a good deal of political assertion in the preface, but little information in the book itself to guide political opinion one way or another. It must be read merely as a collection of travel-impressions, and as such it is eminently readable.

SOME RECORDS OF THE LIFE OF STEVENSON ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, K.C.B. Compiled by a Friend, and Edited by his Widow. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The compiler's part has been mainly the collection of Sir Arthur Blackwood's letters and notes, which are numerous, and deal very fully with the subjects that must have special interest for a reader of his life. Other people's letters about him or written to himself fill in the picture. There is no want of matter, and too much has been used. The compiler might have sacrificed a great deal of the detail, and have produced as strong and as truthful an effect. Sir Arthur was an able and conscientious public servant, from the time of his appointment to the Commissariat Department during the Crimean war to his last days as Secretary in the Post Office. The savour of his work at St. Martin's-le-Grand was evidently the opportunity it gave him for religious propaganda, but he never shirked the drudgery or responsibilities of his office, and he had much to do with the general improvement of the Post Office in recent years. Mr. Buxton Forman's testimony is definite on that point. His evidence, too, almost conclusively proves the general accusation of his being a tactless and unseasonable apostle of religion and an intolerant employer, to be unfounded. Though much space is devoted to the description of his secular work, it is as a religious biography that the book must be judged. Altogether uncritical, accepting all Blackwood's opinions and methods of equal value, it is by so much the less useful. But a student of religious life and a student of humanity, will be impressed with something in each chapter. In youth, a fashionable, gay young man, with a pronounced strain of worldliness in his nature, he received repeated calls to religion, and finally obeyed. From that date the energy of his nature, all his opportunities, the whole sap of his life went to feed one part of

him. Enjoyments and indulgences were lopped off mercilessly; every journey he made was an Evangelical mission. All the while he lived in the fashionable world, however, and the compiler has hardly made clear whether he was comfortable or the reverse in the somewhat incongruous surroundings. But he has made clear that his beliefs were so overpoweringly strong that they could weld and subdue his nature completely.

SIR GEOFFREY PHIPPS HORNBY, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet. A Biography. By Mrs. Fred Egerton. 16s. (Blackwood.)

It would have been more satisfactory if Admiral Hornby's life-work had been dealt with by a naval expert. A pious biography by a daughter must deal with personal matters which may or may not be remarkable. In this case we see revealed a hearty, energetic, upright nature, with a keen appetite for adventure and very downright opinions. But Mrs. Egerton has done her work with great dignity and becoming reserve, trusting mainly to the extracts from her father's diary for the more important matters. And, in the absence of any technical summary of Hornby's abilities, these copious extracts are of great interest. He was shrewd and critical and outspoken, and his opinions of the Admiralty are expressed with fearless candour. His daughter is only paraphrasing him when she says, "That scarcely any naval man of ability ever goes to the Admiralty as First Sea-Lord without thereby losing some of his professional popularity or reputation." Hornby did not speak only in general terms; he put his finger on the faults of the department, which he thought were chiefly—the want of professional assistance for the naval men on the Naval Council of the First Lord, the absurd amount of detail which the chief officials have to look after, because the assistants are ignorant civil clerks, and the general want of unity in the government of the department. The honour of the service was the keenest feeling in his heart, and energetic ability and intelligent criticism went hand in hand in his command in the Mediterranean from 1877 to 1880. There and in his work as President of the Naval College at Greenwich, and at Portsmouth as Commander-in-Chief, he gives the impression not only of an able man, who knew his work from top to bottom and loved it, but as one who only needed the opportunity of great national danger to rightfully earn the title of great.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. Recollections of Lamb, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. 6s. (G. Allen.)

The three most famous "Blues" have written memorably about their old school, Lamb in words that all the world knows, the other two in passages familiar to most. Mr. Brimley Johnson has collected the Elia Essays, extracts from Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, Table Talk, and letters, and from Hunt's autobiography, has annotated these, chosen really excellent illustrations of the buildings, of Bluecoat ceremonies and objects of interest connected with the school, and preceded the whole by a brief account of the order and manner of the erection. No account of the present conditions of Christ's Hospital appears, and maybe this would not be expedient at this transition moment in its history. In any case, all old "Blues" and most Londoners must think the compilation was worth making.

ROS ROSARUM, ex Horto Poetarum. Dew of the Ever-living Rose. Gathered from the Poets' Gardens of Many Lands. By E. V. B. Second Edition. (Stock)

E. V. B. has compiled her book of homage to the flower of mystery and beauty with exquisite taste and care. The worship is very old; it was very old probably when Sappho joined in it, and to-day the theme is one of the *banalités* of poetry that never grow stale. What other symbol has, by infinite gradations of its inward meaning, stood for so many of the quick sensations of life, earthly passion, spiritual mystery, and luxurious langour of the heart? E. V. B. has not scraped together everything she could find in praise of the rose from Greek and Latin, from Persian and European poets who have sung of the hour "cum regnat rosa," but, for the most part, has been wisely content with samples of the most exquisite homage. The general excellence of her selections, rather than the few hitherto unpublished lines of Tennyson and the late Mr. J. A. Symonds, which the book contains, will be the chief attraction of an anthology with so sympathetic a motive.

LONDON STREET NAMES. By F. H. Habben. (Unwin.)

This is a book that the Londoner will be wise to purchase. He need not possess any antiquarian knowledge to start with. A thousand times on his way through the city he must have been puzzled or amused by such names as Idol Lane, Pannier Alley, Creed Lane, Bucklersbury, Bevis Marks, Poultry, Snow Hill, and Barbican. Now he need only take a mental note of such, and go home and consult Mr. Habben's book. He will not find it complete or infallible. The ingenious Stow is followed a little blindly at times, and, left to his unaided self, Mr. Habben is sometimes not quite ingenious enough. But then he rarely misleads—unless first misled by Stow—with fanciful etymologies; on the contrary, he explodes some of our favourite romantic ways of accounting for such names as Maiden Lane, Three Daggers Court, and Bell Savage Yard. Humour is not Mr. Habben's strong point, and he has an amusingly pompous way of covering up a blank of quite allowable ignorance, as in his note on Fell Street, which is called after a former owner who "may or may not (probably not) be connected with the celebrated Doctor Fell, Dean of Christ Church, who, according to the well-known distich, incurred dislike for no explicable reason." The note on Love Lane, Wood Street, is, unintentionally, very amusing. But gaps in knowledge and a few pomposities do not alter the fact that his book is an easy and good starting-point for an interest in the history and antiquities of old London.

FAMOUS VIOLINISTS AND FINE VIOLINS. By Dr. T. L. Phipson. (Chatto and Windus.)

Dr. Phipson must not henceforth be entrusted with the writing of his own prefaces. We feel sure that nine out of every ten readers with an average sense of the ridiculous will laugh aloud and read no more, save for diversion, after seeing the back-look sent from Mia Casa, Putney, to that paradise on earth the home of his childhood, "a splendid mansion, with . . . stabling for six horses," which somehow mingled with and intensified the musical advantages offered him by his excellent parents, or reads how he had cured himself of scarlet-fever at the age of five by sponging his head over a bucket of cold water, whereupon the said head became so clear that his tongue clamoured for "a violin." "Why did I say that? Why did I ask for an instrument which was destined ever afterwards to cling to me through life, to soothe my sorrows, to become a source of delight, and to lead me through endless adventures? Heaven alone knows!" There is a great deal more in this confiding strain. But we pitched on the essays first, and so treated them less as a joke than we might otherwise have done. The chapters on "The Secret of Paganini," "Secrets of the Cremona Violin Trade," "The Two Josephs of Cremona," contain much curious and out-of-the-way information, and of some remarkable personages—Madame Mara, Madame Malibran, her husband and her son, the two de Bériots, and Vieuxtemps—he has a good deal that is interesting to say. Dr. Phipson has matter enough to entertain and instruct, and it is perhaps a pity he is smitten with the mania of writing it down, for his words and manner are too apt to raise a smile rather than due gratitude. However, writing is a labour of pride and love to him evidently; and no wonder, seeing that he can plainly trace the respectability which now haloes violin-playing, as well as the great increase in woman violinists, to the publication of his former book, "Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Violinists," in 1877.

WEST-COUNTRY POETS: Their Lives and Works. Illustrated with Portraits. By W. H. Kearley Wright. (Stock.)

Local patriotism is a meritorous thing, and for Mr. Wright's purpose and his industry in working towards its fulfilment, we can find nothing but praise. In this volume he gives some account of about four hundred verse-writers of Devon and Cornwall, and he speaks of a supplementary one! Indeed, from the point of view of West Country folks there can be little fault found with the book, save that it has no index. Alphabetical arrangement does not supply the place of an index. But we venture to think its appearance in the general world of books a little indiscreet. Mr. Wright's method has evidently been a simple one—to seek out the biographies of every Devon and Cornish man and woman who ever had a rhyme set up in type—nor, indeed,

has he been very particular about their being Devonian or Cornish, and he has been very willing to consider the claims of verse that till now has modestly lurked in MS. Herrick is grabbed, of course, but others are, too, with less show of right, the editor's hospitality being so boundless. This, the first stanza of the first specimen, is hardly below the average of the verses admitted, though Coleridge and Herrick and Kingsley are here to raise it:

"My muse selects a lofty theme,
I sing the mountain high;
No land of life, but a sad scene
Of stern sterility—"

The privilege of a place in the huge collection, though it seems to have been refused by no living Western versifier, may, therefore, be doubted. Their critical biographies are naïve in both their praise and blame. Of Miss Lina Howell we hear that "she is a writer of graceful and musical verses, with a pleasant fancy, a poetic knowledge of flowers, although [why although?] a very varied range of moods. Her verses have a wild-rose odour. She also paints pictures well, and seems to have a refined and artistic nature. Her father is a well-known travelling draper." Of the mysterious E. M. E. the editor is kind enough to say, "We append a few verses from one of her poems, which, we may observe, have no great merit," while of the effusions of Miss Mary Margaret Davis, of St. Mary's, Scilly, we are told bluntly, "They have no particular merit, but as she appears to have lived all her life in her native island, her opportunities for inspiration were few and far between." One feature of the book will, we are sure, give much pleasure within certain limited circles, and it seems churlish to say that to us it appears the most objectionable part. Cornwall and Devon, like other English counties just now, are producing a plentiful crop of young verse-writers. With regard to most of them, it is safe to say it would be kinder to leave their biographies unwritten, and their praise unsung, till they have a better claim to recognition as rhymesters than they obtain from such specimens as Mr. Wright presents to us.

## THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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BANKS, J. S.—Scripture and Its Witnesses, 2/6.....C. H. Kelly
BIDDELL, Rev. H.—The Word of God, and other Sermons, 2 - net Simpkin
BURKITT, F. C.—The Old Latin and the Itala, 3/- net Camb. Univ. Press
BYINGTON, E. H.—The Puritan in England and New England, 10/6
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CUSACK, M. F.—The Black Pope, a History of the Jesuits, 6/- City of London Book Depot
FAIRBANKS, A.—Introduction to Sociology, 7/6 .....K. Paul
GLADSTONE, Right Hon. W. E.—Studies subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler, 4/6.....Camb. Univ. Press
GREEN, Rev. E. T.—The Thirty-nine Articles and the Age of the Reformation, 10/6 ..... Wells, Gardner
Heir (The) of all Things, or the Book of Revelation, etc., 3/-..Nisbet
HIBBEN, J. G.—Inductive Logic, 3/6 net ..... Blackwood
JOHNSON, F.—Quotations of the New Testament from the Old considered in the Light of General Literature, 7/6 Bapt. Tract Society
LAUER, S.—Life and Light from Above, 5/-.....Stock
LEWIS, H. K.—The Child, its Spiritual Nature, 5/- net....Macmillan
MEAD, G. R. S.—Orpheus..... Theosophical Pub. Soc.
[*Certainly the most interesting book the Society has published so far. Mr. Mead treats Orpheus as the transmitter of the science of divine things to the Grecian world, and therefore as the father of the later spiritual teaching of the Pagan and the Christian worlds.*
PERREN, Rev. C.—Seed Corn for Sower, or Thoughts, Themes, and Illustrations for the Pulpit, 5/-.....Allenson
PIERSON, A. T.—The Coming of the Lord.....Passmore
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STOKOE, Rev. T. H.—Old Testament History for Schools, Part 2, 2/6 Frowde
TRUMBULL, H. C.—The Threshold Covenant, 6/6 .....T. & T. Clark
[*An important contribution to the question of the origin and development of religious rites.*]

### FICTION.

ALLNUTT, E. J.—Seed and Shower; a Story of the New Birth, 2/6 Nisbet
ANDERSON, L.—Lockwood Godwin; a Tale of Irish Life, 6/- Gay & Bird
BALZAC, H. DE.—Pierrette and The Abbé Birotteau, translated by C. Bell, 3/6 net .....Dent
BARLOW, J.—Mrs. Martin's Company.....Dent
[*See p.* 150.]
BODKIN, M. McD.—Lord Edward Fitzgerald.....Chapman
BONAPARTE, The Princess Laura.—The Greek E.....Nichols
[*The use of the Greek E in a scrap of manuscript was all a poor wife possessed by which to track her husband's murderer. The tracking takes a long time, and thus what might have been a bright short story turns into a rather wearisome novel.*]
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[*See p.* 150.]
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[*See p.* 149.]
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[*See p.* 149.]
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[*See p.* 150.]
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[*See p.* 152].
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[*See p.* 151.]
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[*See p.* 143.]
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* To Americans.

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## TRADE NOTES.

LIVERPOOL.

Book trade quiet in the second-hand department, as is customary at this period. Very few American customers this season. This may be accounted for partly by the fact that the new railway station at the landing-stage absorbs many as soon as this port is reached, direct expresses running to London frequently.

BIRMINGHAM.

Business is keeping up wonderfully well. July much better than the same month last year. A good all-round trade being done.

DERBY.

Local sales show a depreciation since last report, while export trade has improved. Topographical and archæological literature, travels, and natural history are the principal subjects of inquiry in the old book department. Catalogue business is exceptionally slow at home and abroad.

YORK.

Trade here has a tendency in the wrong direction. The average for this season compared with many previous years has not been maintained in several departments. Magazines, serials, etc., are still in fair demand.

BURNLEY.

All very quiet. A few guide books and novels for holiday reading selling, but no heavy lots or standard literature.

BATH.

Cycling is playing havoc with trade.